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The Nation. November 17, 1979 $1

EDITORIAL

BACK TO NORMALITY

Last Saturday, a group of scholars, journalists and other interested citizens left for Cuba on a two-week sociocultural tour sponsored by *The Nation* and the Center for Cuban Studies, which will include meetings with Cuban officials and visits to schools, rural development projects and public ministries. Before they left, members of the tour attended the conference on Cuba held in New York on November 2 and 3, under the aegis of the Center for Cuban Studies, which drew about 500 academics, journalists, businessmen, Cuban officials and others who were determined not to let the artificial chill that has set in between the United States and Cuba freeze the flow of people and ideas. For despite economic embargoes and transitory uproars over Russian "combat brigades," the need for restoration of relations with Cuba remains.

Until that occurs, purposeful interchanges, whether by ad hoc groups like *The Nation* tour, or in the activities of research facilities like the Center for Cuban Studies, must continue to promote understanding and knowledge.

Back in 1962, six months after he returned from Cuba, black journalist William Worthy was indicted and convicted on a charge of entering the country without a passport (the State Department had refused to renew the passport he had). Ultimately, a U.S. Court of Appeals overturned Worthy's conviction, and upheld the constitutional right to travel. Of course, even then Americans were going to Cuba via Mexico, but the official ban on travel to Cuba was both pernicious and harmful. Embargoes—economic, intellectual or otherwise—are ultimately self-defeating. As we suggest in our editorial on the far more dire situation in Cambodia (page 483), normalization of diplomatic relations with Vietnam and Cuba should remain the State Department's first priority.

WORKERS AND TECHNOLOGY
Andrew Zimbalist

UNIONS AND WOMEN
Mim Kelber

AFGHANISTAN: A REVOLUTION CONSUMED
Fred Halliday

WOMEN ARTISTS
Lucy R. Lippard

JOHN MARQUAND
John Appleton

HOBBESIAN CHOICE

FEMINISTS AGAINST THE FAMILY

JEAN BETHKE ELSHTAIN

Whatever its sins against generations of mothers and daughters, the family has served the women's movement well: located by feminists as the key to female oppression, it has been offered up as *the* institution to reform, revolutionize or destroy if feminist aims are to be realized. As a catalyst for rethinking the terms of public and private reality, the family has also provided feminist thinkers with inexhaustible material for dissecting the human condition from the vantage point of this, its central bête noire.

Much that is exciting and fruitful emerged from this ferment. Connections between sexuality, authority and power were opened up for debate in a provocative way. Women were encouraged to create conceptual and linguistic tools to help them pierce the patterns of social reality. Through consciousness-raising, hundreds of women began to view themselves less as passive recipients of revocable privileges and more as active, responsible human beings. But from the start something was terribly wrong with much of the feminist treatment of the family. By "wrong" I don't mean so much careless or unscholarly by traditional canons of historic and social science methodology, though one saw evidence of both. I refer instead to an imperative more deeply rooted and bitter, which erupted from time to time in mean-spirited denunciations of all relations between men and women and in expressions of contempt for the female body, for pregnancy, childbirth and child-rearing.

In my view, the feminist movement has contributed to the discrediting of what Dorothy Dinnerstein, a psychoanalytic feminist thinker,

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LETTERS.

TWO ON HARRISON ON DIDION

Hackensack, N.J.
Kindly register my reaction to the review of Joan Didion, "The Courage of Her Afflictions" [Barbara Grizzuti Harrison, *The Nation*, Sept. 29]:

I have never read a more wrong-headed, unperceptive review of any writer, anywhere. And I've read bad reviews for years. *Nelson Algren*

San Francisco
I have just finished reading Barbara Grizzuti Harrison's article on Joan Didion. Her understanding, her compassion, her fairness, her brilliance have made me singularly happy. I had come to think that I alone was chilled to the bone by Joan Didion's callous work and callous life. I read Didion's tribute to Henry Robbins in *New West*, and for a moment I was moved by it, for I had known him too. And then I suddenly realized it wasn't about that fine man at all, but a piece about herself.

I covered the jury selection phase of Huey Newton's first trial back in 1968, and my article was published in *The Progressive*. Joan Didion has written of the trial, and all her facts are wrong. She has also written, I believe in *New West*, that at the time of the strike at San Francisco State I screamed at S.I. Hayakawa at a rally on the campus, calling him a Quisling. When fellow professors who were there at the time called my attention to this, I dropped her a note. (I did a small favor for her some years ago, and we had had a quite friendly correspondence at one time.) My note said that I hadn't screamed at Hayakawa, that it wasn't a rally when I called him Eichmann, and that Quisling had never been mentioned.

Some weeks later, either Joan Didion or her secretary sent me a Xerox of the front page of *The San Francisco Chronicle* of that year, month and day. The banner headline was about the strike, and in the column below it was stated that I had screamed Quisling at Hayakawa. Joan Didion, or her secretary, wrote one sentence: "I'm sticking with the *Chronicle* report." Not important, I know, but irrational.

Harrison's outrage in "The Courage of Her Afflictions" is very stirring, very just, very beautiful. I love every sentence, every paragraph, and I wanted to tell you so. *Kay Boyle*

CINCINNATI UNITED WAY

Wooster, Ohio
I appreciated the article by Timothy Saasta, "United Way—Cornering the Charity Dollar" [*The Nation*, Sept. 29]. For a number of years I have been encouraging those around me to cease their involvement in the United Way campaigns and to think about the political economy of "charity" funding in our society.

My campaign against the United Way has become more insistent since the completion of my doctoral dissertation. Up to that point my hostility was intuitive; as a result of my research on an early twentieth-century community organization, I had evidence of United Way's power as arbiter of social welfare funding. It was not a power that developed slowly over the years; it was built into the agency at its inception. . . .

By allowing elites to dictate the scope and character of social welfare activities, we are insuring that "need" is not necessarily a criterion for philanthropic support. If an organization demonstrates that it provides "service" and focuses its attention on the individual's ability to "function" in society, then it is a prime candidate for support. If, on the other hand, the organization should even so much as hint that it is interested in "cause" and indicate that there may be structural causes of distress, it has to battle for its existence. In Cincinnati, the passage of sixty years has only increased the stranglehold of the United Way. *Patricia Mooney Melvin*

IDENTIFIABLE CULPRITS

Philadelphia
Once again, your magazine has taken a courageous and unpopular stand on behalf of human rights, witness the reports by Christopher Hitchens and Jack Holland on Northern Ireland. [" 'Without Identifiable Culprits' " and "The Secret Torturers," respectively, *The Nation*, Sept. 8].

We also agree that the hand of compassion transcends the British-drawn sectarian lines in exposing the torturing of prisoners, and places the blame as to the autosuggestion of a promised holocaust with various British politicians, the "identifiable culprits."

William J. Brennan, President
The United Irish-American Societies of Delaware Valley, Pa.

THANKS

Orange, Mass.
Thank you for your excellent editorial, "Rights of Gays," as well as for Doug Ireland's informative article, "Open Season on Gays" [both *The Nation*, Sept. 15]. I hope you will devote more space to this topic in the future.

Allen Young

IGNORING LINKED REALITIES

Westwood, N.J.
James Sloan Allen, in his review of Angela Carter's *The Sadeian Woman: And the Ideology of Pornography* [*The Nation*, Oct. 6], comes close to taking a position only neatly opposite that of Carter.

She attempts to make nurture the constant victor over nature. *He*, in contradicting her (absurd) identification with de Sade as a potentially "liberating" model for women, ignores the ways in which an inveterate and violent Western patriarchy created a male mythology (woman as mother/socializer; woman as revenge object) which made a specific kind of male cathexis utterly predictable. Allen owed us this simple act of recognition.

Both he and Carter seem insufficiently aware of the real ways myth *arises* from culture—and acts as a major determinant of the unexamined life. Thus both—religiously practicing mere binary thinking—ignore the linked realities which should be considered for an *adequate* analysis of nature/nurture. This is egregious on Allen's part, since he attempts to criticize someone who is throwing out the baby with the bath water. *Alan Bahr*

DEBS AWARD

The Eugene V. Debs Foundation annually awards the Bryant Spann Memorial Prize ($500) for the best article or essay (recently published as well as unpublished) in the tradition of Eugene V. Debs. For further details, write to the Bryant Spann Memorial Prize Committee, c/o The Department of History, Indiana State University, Terre Haute, Ind. 47809. Please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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EDITORIALS.

Political Famine

Cambodia is starving to death. Even the Vietnam-backed Heng Samrin Government in Phnom Penh admits that it must have food relief from outside. How many have died, and how many will die, can never be known; a society is in total breakdown, hunger is universal, death statistics are rounded off in the millions, and we have entered a nether world of horror that is beyond quantification. After five years of war, beginning with Washington's secret bombing of Cambodia in 1969, and four years of Pol Pot's fratricidal rule, the assessment of blame for Cambodia's catastrophic famine becomes a futile exercise. One thing is clear, however: from the Nixon-Kissinger "wider war," through Pol Pot's gunpoint collectivization, to the upheaval following the Vietnamese invasion and the continuing dislocations caused by the Chinese-abetted civil war, the lives of the Cambodian people have been pawns in a geopolitical game.

It should come as no surprise, then, that famine-relief operations became snarled in diplomatic haggling and legalisms. Seemingly, international relief operations would have fallen naturally under the purview of the United Nations, yet a majority of that body voted to preserve the Pol Pot regime's seat in the General Assembly. As a consequence, U.N.-affiliated relief agencies have been compromised in their efforts to negotiate the admission of food supplies with the Heng Samrin Government.

Given this context, sanctimonious statements calling for the depoliticization of food relief, such as those made by Secretary of State Cyrus Vance and others last week, are pointless. The problem is drenched in politics, and its only real solution is political. It is the superpowers and their clients who bear direct responsibility for the prolongation of the Cambodian agony. Chinese aid to Pol Pot's guerrillas only underwrites the continuance of the disruptive guerrilla war, drawing the Vietnamese to the brink of incursions into Thailand (with which the United States has an even stronger mutual defense pact than it did with South Vietnam). And

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the ever-looming Chinese threat of another "lesson" for the Vietnamese "regional hegemonists" keeps Vietnam in a permanent martial state.

As for the United States, it is difficult to reconcile our supposed humanitarian concerns with the State Department and Zbigniew Brzezinski's ostentatious playing of the China card against Moscow (which all the while keeps the Vietnamese war machine fueled). Certainly, Pol Pot does not warrant U.S. support, and the question of whether this country should recognize the Heng Samrin Government aside, it is obvious that failure to normalize relations with Vietnam has left the United States without any leverage in the present situation. And so instead of diplomatic negotiations, we have seen UNICEF and the Red Cross locked in ostensible food negotiations with the Phnom Penh authorities that became entangled with the latter's internal war against Pol Pot; we have seen three Senators journey to Phnom Penh asking somebody-or-other in charge there to guarantee the safety of a truck convoy. There was even talk of sending a delegation of Congresswomen to make a plea to the current occupants of Phnom Penh, and the State Department advised that an airborne food drop in Cambodia could be an "act of war."

Such anomalies occur in an abnormal diplomatic climate, and a political solution is impossible until the parties responsible begin talking to one another. After normalization, it may then be time to convene another Geneva conference on the region to grapple with the most difficult issues, such as the 200,000 Vietnamese troops in Cambodia.

Until the political dialogue begins, with its first priority a cease-fire on all sides, private organizations such as Oxfam (which has remained resolutely apolitical throughout, and thus has had notable success in giving aid, although it had only $2 million for the purpose) must do their best to deliver what food they can through Phnom Penh. Dramatic actions, such as a joint Soviet-Western powers airlift, may well be an alternate way of getting food in. Ultimately, however, all food-relief programs are temporary lifesaving measures. The only truly effective food distribution system in a peasant society like Cambodia is domestic crop production. A political solution must be found quickly so that the gravely wounded Cambodian people can return to their villages and plant their crops for the next harvest.

Auto Bourbons

In the third quarter of this year, Chrysler set the sort of record that annual reports usually put in the footnotes. It lost more money ($460.6 million to be beastly about the matter) than it or any other American corporation had ever before dropped in a mere three months. It is now certain, if any doubt had previously existed, that in the calendar year 1979, Chrysler's deficit will be substantially larger than $1 billion.

Naturally enough, Chrysler continues to blame Government regulation, the Ayatollah Khomeini and impending recession for its troubles. Less biased observers place much of the responsibility upon product policies which over the years arbitrarily ignored the growing market for small cars and focused even more obsessively than General Motors and Ford upon gas guzzlers, which now sell like last week's unrefrigerated fish.

At the helm of this leaky corporate vessel is a new management, captained by Lee Iacocca and crewed by other Ford alumni. Do they have a better idea? If one is to judge from Chrysler's October 17 "Modification of Loan Guarantee Request," the latest plea for public charity, the new men have profited nothing from the pratfalls of their discredited predecessors. Opting to remain a full-line maker of passenger vehicles in competition across the board with its two larger domestic rivals, Chrysler justifies this strategy with the argument that it "permits Chrysler to 'upline' its loyal small-car buyers to more profitable cars" because, as the text sagely continues, "producing small cars only would lead to dealer losses and subsequent sales losses, and have adverse financial consequences since Chrysler and other domestic manufacturers currently derive little or no profits from the sale of small cars."

No one can say with any certainty whether General Motors is making much money on its Chevettes and Citations. Over the years public corporations have successfully resisted Securities and Exchange Commission attempts to require financial reporting by product line. But if Chrysler is right about its competitors as well as its own operations, then something is drastically wrong with an industry that Emma Rothschild in her prescient 1973 book *Paradise Lost* accurately dubbed a dinosaur. For if Japanese, German, French and Italian car makers can make money from the sale of their thrifty chariots, only aggravated incompetence can explain the record of the Americans. For that matter, how do the foreigners cope with safety, mileage and pollution requirements which so grievously burden Chrysler?

A while ago ("Saving Chrysler," *The Nation*, August 25-September 1), I supported a Government bailout not out of esteem for Chrysler's management or sympathy for its stockholders but simply because bankruptcy would surely inflict grave harm upon Chrysler employees, the small merchants dependent upon their purchases and the communities in which Chrysler is the major employer. I must confess that Chrysler is testing the patience of reluctant allies like myself.

COMING UP: Symposium of Israeli Opinion. Statements on the Palestinian problem by a number of Israeli intellectuals: Amos Kenan, journalist and columnist; Yitzhak Ben-Aharon, Labor Party member of the Knesset, former Secretary General of the Histadrut, Israel's central labor federation; Rabbi Menachem Hacohen, Labor Party member of the Knesset; Moshe Shamir, member of the Knesset representing the L'am faction, novelist; Uriel Simon, professor of Bible at Bar-Ilan University, leader of Oz V'Shalom (Courage and Peace).

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Indeed, unless its leaders straighten up and display signs of rational thought, the real danger is that new money, like old money, will be wasted.

Douglas Fraser, president of the United Automobile Workers and a new member of the Chrysler board of directors, will probably remind his colleagues that the U.A.W. has for decades been urging Detroit to shift to small cars. His position would be strengthened by the addition of two or three directors representing the public. The Administration's unexpectedly large proposal of $1.5 billion in loan guarantees should be linked both to the nomination to the Chrysler board of Treasury representatives and a commitment on the part of the present management to rethink its product strategies.

For in their present mood, Chrysler managers seem intent upon reliving the glorious reigns of those Bourbon monarchs who learned nothing and forgot nothing. If I were paranoid, I would suspect that Mr. Iacocca and his associates were closet socialists daily delivering the subliminal message that private enterprise is moribund. ROBERT LEKACHMAN

The F.B.I. Bugged

One of the most effective weapons in the Federal Bureau of Investigation's ongoing war against the Freedom of Information Act is its claim that the act threatens the confidentiality of its army of secret informants. And, says F.B.I. Director William Webster, "the confidential source is indispensable."

Critics are not persuaded of either assertion. They point out that the act already exempts from disclosure any records that "would disclose the identity of a confidential source" (Webster wants this expanded to "would tend to . . ."), and they also question the importance of the informants. Representative Robert Drinan, for example, questions whether "the informants are as crucial to the investigative program as the Bureau claims," and former agent M. Wesley Swearingen has argued that the F.B.I. pledge of anonymity is a myth "invented by the F.B.I. and [Assistant F.B.I. Director James] Adams" as a defense in the Socialist Workers Party suit. "Agents as a matter of practice in the field did not make a pledge of confidentiality," Swearingen claims, and he also claims that many agents have pocketed money meant for fictitious informants.

Substantiation for the latter charge now comes from an unlikely (and usually secretive) source: the F.B.I. itself. In an affidavit recently filed in Kansas City, Missouri, the Bureau has accused two of its agents of stealing funds budgeted for confidential informants and covering up the theft. Using court-authorized wiretaps (one is tempted to propose a new metaphor of bugs coming home to roost), including one at F.B.I. headquarters, the tappers overheard the tappees' plan to escape detection: if their informants were subpoenaed, one suspect is quoted as saying to the other, their lawyer should file a motion stating that "they don't want to appear and do not want their identity revealed."

"Because of being certified informants for the Federal Bureau of Investigation," the other replied.

"That's right, those promises were made to them that their identity would never be revealed."

So there it is, right from the horse's mouth (or ear). The real issue, as this case so clearly reveals, is not whether the F.O.I.A. hampers the informant program, but the informant program itself. If a new F.B.I. charter is enacted, Congress should see to it that informants are regulated—by requiring warrants for their use, for example—as thoroughly as other offensive and dangerous investigative techniques.

Identity Crisis

It's been a terrible year for Western Europe's Socialists. Except for the return to power of Bruno Kreisky and the Austrian Socialist Party, the record has been unrelentingly grim.

The French Socialist-Communist electoral union that initially held the promise of victory turned out to be a Communist booby trap. Defeat snatched from the jaws of victory so soured supporters of the Socialist Party that it now finds itself deeply mired in a debilitating rivalry between its two principal figures, Francois Mitterrand and Michel Rocard. On the other side of the channel, Britain's Labor Party was unseated by rightist ideologue Margaret Thatcher, losing ignominiously by a forty-seat margin. As a consequence, it finds itself embroiled in bitter internal left-right recriminations. In Italy the valiant effort by Bettino Craxi to rejuvenate the sagging fortunes of his party has found little sustenance among the electorate. And even the expected comeback of the Swedish Social Democratic Party has ended in political stalemate.

In Spain, however, there has been electoral reversal with a difference. Defeat touched off an acute identity crisis within the Socialist Workers' Party (P.S.O.E.). The effects of this trauma are going to shape the future course of Spanish Socialism as well as the larger configuration of post-Franco Spanish politics.

Spain's second post-Franco parliamentary election last March resulted in a painful loss for the resurgent Socialists. What made it hard to swallow was not so much the party's failure to gain the largest number of parliamentary seats or votes but the leadership's failure to realize inflated hopes of electoral primacy. This dashing of rising expectations led to widespread discontent among the party faithful. To regain political face, Secretary General Felipe Gonzalez and the leadership then felt constrained to enter into an unprecedented and grudging pact with the Communist Party following the April municipal balloting. This was necessary in order to assure the election of Socialist mayors (who are voted for by the city councilmen chosen in the municipal election) in most of the country's major urban centers.

But despite the improved electoral performance in the

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municipal elections and the benefits, albeit short-term, accruing from Communist assistance, a sour aftertaste of recrimination over the election loss remained. The May party congress degenerated into a chaotic and emotionally charged affair in which the party leadership found itself overrun and outvoted. Up until the extraordinary congress of September 28 and 29, the country's second most important political party was in a state of virtual paralysis while the membership pondered and debated issues of ideology and leadership.

In a larger sense the identity crisis was the end product of Spanish Socialism's distinctive evolution under Francoism and during the more recent years of democratic transition. As the Franco regime entered its terminal stage in 1974, P.S.O.E. could count only 4,000 members, equally divided between those in exile and those in the interior of the country. In the 1930s it had become a powerful movement, but its ranks were greatly depleted during the 1940s and 1950s, the years of illegality and cruel repression. Over that period and into the early 1970s the party leadership consisted of aging veterans of the Civil War who operated from exile headquarters in Toulouse, France. Increasingly, it found itself out of touch with a rapidly changing, industrializing Spain.

By the late 1960s, however, a new generation of young leaders emerged inside Spain who were intent upon a rejuvenation of the Socialist Workers' Party. A prolonged struggle for control ended in 1974 with the victory of the new interior group. Felipe Gonzalez, an attractive, Kennedy-like young labor lawyer from Seville, was named party Secretary General, and reorganization and growth began. The breakthrough came in the June 1977 parliamentary election, the first to be held following the demise of the Franco regime. The Socialists scored a stunning upset. Gonzalez appealed to many Spaniards who desired a clean break with the past. Not only did P.S.O.E. come uncomfortably close to matching the vote received by the highly favored center-right Union of the Democratic Center (U.C.D.), it also outdistanced the Communists in the popular vote by a 29 percent to 9 percent margin. Although again outvoted by U.C.D. in the March balloting of this year, the Socialists held their lead over the Communists by 29 percent to 10 percent. As a result, the Socialist Party was transformed almost overnight into a popular mass movement; its membership had swelled from a mere 10,000 two years ago to its present 160,000.

At the time of the May congress, therefore, the party rank and file was composed overwhelmingly of recent recruits, many with only the barest rudiments of political sophistication. More than 70 percent of the congress's delegates had been in the organization less than four years. The party leadership's style of consensus politics, which involved working closely with the center-right Government headed by Prime Minister Adolfo Suarez, aroused resentment among the members. Even the Socialist-oriented General Workers Union last year temporarily suspended its aggressive campaign for higher wages because of the exigencies imposed by a deteriorating economy, and complied with a wage freeze.

In this volatile situation Gonzalez's effort on the eve of the congress to persuade the party to drop its exclusively Marxist identity in favor of a left-center coalition capable of attracting greater numbers of non-Marxists proved politically explosive. The result: a wild, emotionally charged and largely irrelevant debate over the retention of the party's Marxist character. The delegates voted by a margin of 2 to 1 in favor of retaining the party's traditional ideological identity. Interpreting this action as a repudiation, Gonzalez, regarded by many as an indispensable leader, informed the congress that under such conditions it was his moral and political duty to withdraw his candidacy for re-election as Secretary General. It was a shrewd move. This act disarmed his opponents and also persuaded the consternated and tearful delegates to vote in favor of holding a special congress in late September to review party policies and elect a new leadership. In the meantime, a five-man caretaker committee would direct party affairs.

Gonzalez's bold maneuver and the decision to postpone decision making until September marked a crucial turning point. The highly emotional content of the Marxist issue was soon dissipated. All factions softened their stands, and by the opening of the special congress on September 28, political differences between the two groups had practically vanished. What had started out as a doctrinal dispute ended up as a jousting for power and position. There was little difficulty in arriving at a compromise formula on the Marxism issue, and it is one that has something for everybody: "P.S.O.E. views Marxism as a theoretical, critical and non-dogmatic instrument for the analysis and transformation of the social reality, taking into account the various Marxist and non-Marxist contributions that have made Socialism the great emancipating alternative of our times and fully respecting personal beliefs."

Gonzalez was easily re-elected Secretary General with only scattered support (15 percent) for the opposition candidate, and the incoming twenty-two-member party executive committee is almost entirely composed of Gonzalez moderates. For the time being at least, P.S.O.E.'s identity crisis has run its course, and the party can now resume its leading role in the country's political life. But does the reaffirmation of a moderate orientation signify that P.S.O.E. is to become a social democratic movement resembling the German or Scandinavian models? Hardly. What is more likely, given past legacies and present Spanish social and political realities, is that it will continue to evolve along moderate, pragmatic lines. But, as before, the Spanish Socialist Workers' Party represents a distinctive amalgam of both social democratic and more radical outlooks. In terms of its future prospects and the viability of Spain's emerging democracy, that may very well prove beneficial.

BENJAMIN MARTIN

Benjamin Martin is currently preparing a book on labor in post-Franco Spain and was recently a senior associate with the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace.

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SECOND THOUGHTS

CAREY McWILLIAMS

The case of Eulia Love (discussed in my column of May 19), a 39-year-old black woman who was gunned down on January 3 by two Los Angeles police officers in a dispute over an unpaid utility bill, has now attracted national media attention and taken on major political implications. Although the Police Department exonerated the officers, the five-member Police Commission nevertheless decided to conduct a thorough investigation. The commission is composed of five first-rate members: a leader of the California State Bar, a lawyer who was the first black president of the Los Angeles County Bar Association, a prominent conservative Hispanic businessman, a member of the faculty at the University of California at Los Angeles and a woman long active in civic affairs. Set up in 1973, the commission was given authority to direct the Police Department, but it has proceeded cautiously in attempting to define its role and function.

In a unanimous report issued October 3, the commission found that the two officers had violated departmental guidelines and that the shooting of Eulia Love was not justified. In private sessions, the chief of police, who is responsible to the commission, had agreed that the Love case was "a bad shooting." But his "troops" promptly raised such an outcry about the report—4,300 officers signed and paid for a full-page "fight back" statement, which appeared in the local newspapers—that the chief felt obligated to address them on closed-circuit TV. Taking strong exception to the commission's findings, he complained that "police morale" had been endangered by media criticism. As tension mounted, Mayor Tom Bradley was forced to intervene and impose a truce. But the danger of a major confrontation has not vanished. In one newspaper poll, 75 percent of those polled expressed the view that the police were being criticized unfairly. But the large black and Hispanic minorities are indignant at the way members of these minorities have been treated by the police. In a three-year period, the Los Angeles police shot 278 persons, killing 123 of them; none of these cases ever went to a jury. A citizens' group has mounted an initiative in behalf of a measure that would create an independent elected civilian review board.

As might be expected, the police are strenuously opposed to an independent review board; at the same time they remain highly critical of the commission's report. The commission conceded that the current method of investigating shootings by officers has failed to generate widespread public confidence; the commission also came up with some new facts in the Love case which the earlier departmental report had ignored. While rejecting the idea of an elected civilian review board, the commission offered some proposals of its own for handling shootings by policemen.

Patently, the Los Angeles police—a perhaps better than average large city force—does not command the confidence of blacks and Hispanics. Even as "the troops" were deploring the commission's report as unfair and biased, a reporter for *The Los Angeles Times* interviewed black residents of the city's largest housing project. "I don't care how minor the crime," one resident said, "the police come in here in force as though somebody had shot up a whole number of people. . . . They think a black man is always dangerous until he's handcuffed and laying on the ground, even if you're wearing your best clothes. It happened to me." This same resident, echoing the sentiments of other tenants, went on to say: "The way things are going, the police are going to kill somebody . . . and there's going to be some sort of confrontation and innocent people are going to get hurt around here."

The police, of course, face real dangers in making arrests in inner-city areas. Naturally, they want maximum freedom of action and resent any attempt to subject their conduct to close scrutiny by an independent agency set up outside the department. But their current statements are mildly paranoid; they seem to feel they are the victims of a media-minorities conspiracy to weaken their authority and to discredit police officers per se. Three newspapers and a local TV station have been named as being unfair and biased in the reporting of police shootings. By harping about conspiracies and rejecting the commission's sensible report, the "troops" are inviting even greater hostility, creating the danger of more shootings of and by police officers.

Nowadays, even more than in the past, police cannot maintain security unless they have the confidence and cooperation of the community they serve, and this includes, most specifically, minorities such as blacks and Hispanics who have been the victims of excessive police violence these many years. A permanent network of communications should be established through which the police can explain their problems to disaffected minorities and seek their aid and cooperation. Similarly, they need to listen to the complaints of blacks and Hispanics and to become thoroughly familiar with their problems. Blacks and Hispanics need police protection more than other groups. They are not "anti-police"; they simply do not have confidence in the police who patrol the areas in which they live. Establishing proper communications will not be easy; a wide gulf separates police from these two large minorities. A souped-up public relations effort will not meet the need.

If the Los Angeles police want to avoid establishment of a publicly elected review board, which might become highly political in its operations, they should accept the findings and recommendations of the commission and then address themselves to the "crisis in confidence" they so clearly face. In Santa Barbara, California, the report of a citizens' review board on the police shooting of Fermin Montoya (discussed in my column of June 30), has prompted the resignation of the chief of police, who charged that the board was made up of elements known to be critical of the police. In both situations, cooperation, not confrontation, is the priority objective; but the first condition of cooperation is confidence based on mutual respect between police and civilians. □

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ARTICLES.

LABOR ISSUES FOR THE 80s

Worker Control Over Technology

ANDREW ZIMBALIST

Until recently, the labor movement's major fear of new technology and automation was that they would cause the loss of jobs. In the late 1970s, a new concern has arisen: the effect of new technology on the nature of the jobs themselves as well as on social relations in the workplace.

New technology generally raises productivity because of both technical and social factors. New machinery and processes allow workers laboring at the same intensity to be more productive, and also intensify labor either by enforcing a pace (e.g., assembly line) or by facilitating monitoring and supervision (e.g., optical scanners and laser sensors hooked up to machine tools). New technology can also transform the nature of work by fragmenting and reducing or eliminating traditional skills and crafts of the worker. As the workers' jobs become increasingly fragmented and deskilled, they become more dispensable, and so have less power in their dealings with management in matters of job prerogatives, health and safety conditions, wage increases or job security.

Although plans for "humanizing work" dominate newspaper stories and academic studies of the workplace, the main experience of the American worker is job fragmentation, de-skilling and dehumanization. This proposition could be illustrated in any of a number of industries, but I shall focus here upon the evolution of a single craft within the printing trades—typesetting.

When the International Typographical Union (I.T.U.) was formed in 1852, it represented all printing workers—typesetters, compositors, stereotypers, photoengravers, pressmen, etc. Indeed, in many shops these functions were all performed by the same person. This was the era before the linotype machine—the era of the hand compositor. Hand composition required both impressive manual and mental skills. One hand held the composing stick, the other selected and loaded the type. Each line had to be set with even spacing, even length and proper hyphenation. The line of type was set on the galley with concern to readability and artistic layout. The galley was blocked, the proof pulled, the copy edited and corrected and so on.

This was the epitome of craft labor; the craftsmen typographers had control over their work process. In the 1857 Book of Laws of the union and in early contracts, many long-standing traditions of printers' job controls were established: the traveling card, enabling the printer to obtain work in a union shop in practically any city; the right to take days off with few restrictions and the right to designate one's own substitute; hiring control through the chapel (union organization at each shop); the requirement that the foreman be a union member and subject to the tightly stipulated norms of foreman behavior in the union code. These features combined with others to give the union effective shop-floor control, unparalleled in other industries.

Erosion of the printers' skills began with the introduction of the linotype machine in the late 1880s. The linotype represented a relatively minor diminution of worker skills. It reduced the manual dexterity required of a hand compositor and simplified other procedures such as line justification, but preserved most mental skills. Of course, the linotype also enabled individual companies to produce more with fewer workers. Mark Twain, upon investing $190,000 in an unsuccessful predecessor of the linotype, boasted: "It could work like six men and do everything but drink, swear and go out on strike."

With the linotype began an I.T.U. tradition of vigorous resistance to new technology. In 1899, for instance, Local Six of the I.T.U. in New York City went on strike for thirty-one months against the introduction of the linotype machine. Although the I.T.U. has fought energetically in issues of workplace organization, its efforts have always come after the technology has already been designed and its deployment planned. The union has never demanded the right to participate in the design and deployment of new technology.

The linotype also marked the beginning of full-fledged specialization. Pressmen, stereotypers and photoengravers all split off from the I.T.U. to form separate unions within fifteen years of the introduction of the linotype, leading to internecine fights for union jurisdiction over the various processes. For instance, the lithographers' and pressmen's unions battled for more than thirty years between themselves and within the American Federation of Labor over the right to run offset presses.

The 1930s saw the introduction of early teletypesetters; with the 1950s came the phototypesetters and the 1970s brought wordprocessors and video display terminals. With the latest vintage of electronic phototypesetters, it is possible to program on tape all the typographer's skills. The computer, properly programmed, will justify, hyphenate, kern, do makeup and so on. The typographer becomes little more than a typist who on occasion does a bit of routine coding.

The elimination of skills from each printing trade has progressed so far that in the last ten years the craft unions have sought to join forces once again: the lithographers and photoengravers merged in 1972, as did the pressmen and stereotypers in 1973. Currently, the I.T.U. and the Newspaper Guild are discussing merger. From the point of view of the unions' survival, these steps are necessary, but they are only first steps. The next step is to move toward industrial unionism—one union of all workers in each company, rather than several, a situation that enables a single errant union to break a strike. The paperhandlers' agreement with

Andrew Zimbalist is an associate professor of economics at Smith College. He is the co-author of Economic Democracy *(Academic Press, 1978) and the editor of* Case Studies on the Labor Process *(Monthly Review Press, 1979).*

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The Washington Post in December 1975 was instrumental in breaking the pressmen's strike and, in this case, breaking the union. As part of the settlement, Katharine Graham, publisher of *The Post*, exploited the pressmen's longstanding exclusion of blacks by offering to train the paperhandlers, most of whom were blacks, as pressmen. Another example of the importance of craft unity occurred last fall at *The New York Times*. Without the truckers' refusal to cross picket lines, *The Times* would have published throughout the three-month strike and the pressmen would have been forced to surrender more job prerogatives than they did.

The real model of printers' craft unity can be found in Sweden at the Stockholm *Daily News*. Last year, ten unions at the paper merged. They succeeded in preserving their jobs and instituted a system of job rotation controlled by the workers. Whereas the new technology allows for the simplification of individual printing tasks, it does not mean that the worker need be confined to carrying out only one step in the printing process. Rather, the simplification of individual tasks has made it possible for each worker to master all of them. Since they are no longer specialized, the workers are not so easily replaced. Also, with more skills to offer, every worker has more bargaining power, and can avoid the cuts in real wages that have begun to affect U.S. printing shops.

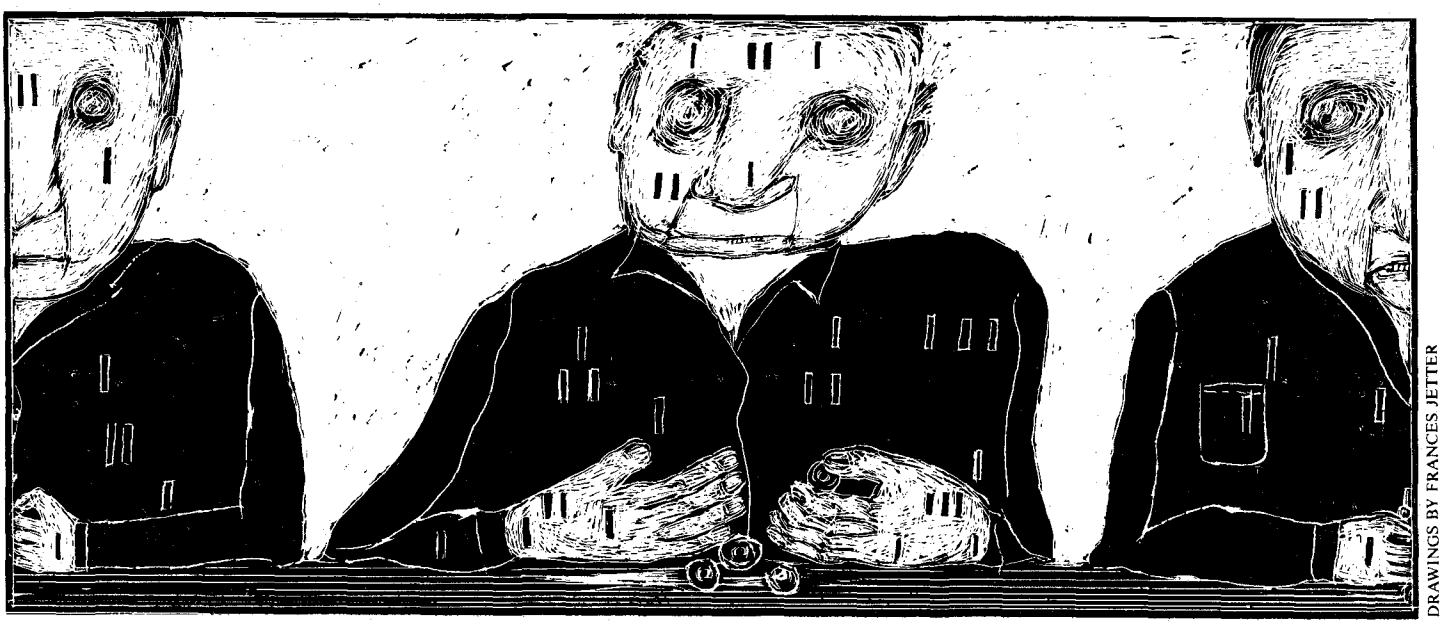
But the larger challenge facing the trade union movement is the task of taking the offensive against new technology, rather than reacting defensively—that is, responding after the technology is designed and deployed. Even when challenges are successful, such as the contract I.T.U. Local Six in New York City won in 1965, which gave it complete veto power over the introduction of new technology, the victories are short-lived. Local Six prevented four financially marginal New York City newspapers from introducing new equipment, but the end result was that the papers went out of business. In 1974, Local Six bargained away its veto power in exchange for job guarantees and attractive retirement benefits. As current Local Six printers retire, they will not be replaced. In *The New York Times* composing room there were a total of 830 I.T.U. members in 1974; with the new cold-type system the "stabilization level" of composing-room employment is projected to be 350. That is, the quantity of jobs will fall by nearly 60 percent while the quality of jobs has been metamorphized from highly autonomous craft work to tightly controlled, routine keyboarding.

Defensive strategies have consistently yielded this type of result. But that's not the only possible result. Only fervent technological determinists will hold that current job structures in printing and other industries are both immutable and inevitable. Technology is not an inexorable, omnipotent and inflexible force that marches forward on a straight path, without regard to human intentions. Nor is it socially neutral, favoring neither the employer nor the worker. Such a view encourages simply sitting back and letting technology run over us—change or eliminate our jobs, destroy our environment, consign our fate to the hands of "experts," who have proved to be all too humanly fallible.

The challenge to the union movement is to restore democracy in the workplace. But before rank-and-file participation in the design and deployment of technology becomes meaningful, the rank and file must engage in serious education about technology—demystify it and reveal the available choices. It's hard, but necessary, work and the results can be very rewarding.

In the 1950s at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, the Air Force sponsored research leading to the development of numerical control of machine tools.* The idea was simply to allow computer tapes to guide the cutting pattern of the tool. One of the outcomes of numerical control, if successfully applied, would be that the skilled machinist could be replaced by a less-skilled worker who simply put the metal piece to be cut into the machine tool. There were two ways to implement numerical control. In one, a programmer sitting in an office made a tape to guide the tool,

*This discussion of numerical control is based largely on David Noble's "Social Choice in Machine Design: The Case of Automatically Controlled Machine Tools" in Zimbalist (editor), *Case Studies on the Labor Process.*



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which required that the operator be little more than a machine tender. In the second, a record-playback system allowed the tape to be generated on the shop floor by the machinist. As he or she cut the stock manually, the operations would be recorded on the tape, similar to the way we get a key duplicated at a hardware store. Record playback has the advantage of allowing tapes to be edited and corrected on the shop floor when the programming has been faulty, or new tolerance specifications are needed. The disadvantage of record playback to management is that it means continued reliance on skilled machinists, who can preserve control over their jobs. Thus, it is not surprising that the record-playback option has been suppressed in numerical-control systems in this country.

In Norway, however, the situation is quite different. The Norwegian Iron and Metal Workers Union passed a resolution at their convention in the spring of 1970 calling for a study of the effects of new computer-based technology on their jobs, their shop-floor control and their skills. With the assistance of pro-union engineers at the Government Computing Center, their research project began in January 1971 and went through to August 1973. During this period of intense self-education, computer technology was demystified for the metalworkers and the realities of the shop floor were brought home to the engineers. The first byproduct of the project was a textbook for workers explaining in nontechnical language the operation of computer technology and its effect on the workplace.

A second concrete result the project produced is that the Iron and Metal Workers have succeeded in getting an updated microprocessor version of record-playback equipment installed in several shops. As David Noble of the Society and Technology Program at M.I.T. describes it, "The operators routinely do all of the editing of programs, according to their own criteria of safety, efficiency, quality and convenience; they change the sequence of operations and sometimes alter the entire structure of the program to suit themselves." When they are satisfied with a program and have finished producing a batch of parts, they press a button to generate a corrected tape, which is then stored. All operators are trained in numerical-control programming. Noble visited a plant and asked the programmer if he minded that operators tampered with his programs. The programmer replied without hesitation that "the operator knows best; he's the one who has to actually make the part and is more intimately familiar with the particular safety and convenience factors; also, he usually knows best how to optimize the program for his machine."

A third concrete result of the project was that in 1974 the Iron and Metal Workers pioneered what has come to be known in Scandinavia as the "Data Agreement" on new electronic data-processing technology between the employer and the workers. It provides for an additional shop steward (data steward) who receives technical training, on work time, and then oversees all aspects of computer technology being used or planned in the company. Before introducing new computer technology, management must explain to the workers in understandable terms what its effects would be on employment, job skills, health and safety and so on. A joint worker-management design committee makes the final decision on whether, how and when technology will be deployed. The Data Agreement now covers some 90 percent of unionized workers in the country, and the idea has spread to Denmark and Sweden.

Sweden has also been innovating with progressive workplace reform concerning technology and worker control in the area of health and safety. On July 1, 1978, a New Work Environment Act was passed which allows workers in a plant to elect a health and safety steward who is empowered not only to halt a job that poses an immediate health danger to the worker but also to bar work that involves long-range hazards, such as exposure to harmful chemical substances or low-level radiation. The safety stewards receive training during working hours and carry out their duties during working hours—as many hours as they find necessary. Also, an employee has the right to interrupt his or her own work to confer with the safety delegate.

These, then, are some examples of how workers have met the challenge of new technology and have redirected its development in their own interests. If the U.S. Government and multinational corporations can pool their money and efforts and put places such as M.I.T. to work for them, so can the unions join together and engage in research on technology that is in the interests of workers rather than higher corporate profits. They're doing it in Norway, they're doing it at Lucas Aerospace and the Alternative Technologies Group at North East London Polytechnic in England and there are emerging sectors of the U.S. trade union movement that are beginning to move in this direction.

A new strategy is needed—one that appreciates the possibilities for technology to be an ally rather than an inscrutable oppressor. For instance, new telecommunications technology (e.g., cable TV) and new data-processing technology can just as easily facilitate more flexible educational programs and rapid, comprehensive access to information as they can promote mass stupefaction and mystification. So long as it continues to do the latter and not the former, we will soon have to mourn not only the loss of jobs but of democracy as well. □

A.F.L.-C.I.O.—For Men Only?

MIM KELBER

There will be a "first" at the A.F.L.-C.I.O. convention in Washington, D.C., starting November 15. Joyce Miller, head of the Coalition of Labor Union Women and a vice president of the Amalgamated Clothing and Textile Workers Union, will speak to the convention on the Equal Rights Amendment and C.L.U.W.'s

Mim Kelber is former policy consultant to the National Advisory Committee for Women.

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four major goals—participation of women in their unions; affirmative action at the workplace; political action and legislation, and organizing the unorganized.

In her keynote speech to the recent C.L.U.W. convention in New York, Miller pointed up the problems working women have: "Today, only six million women out of forty million in the work force are covered by collective bargaining agreements. Women today still earn only 57 percent of male wages and women workers in the United States today suffer higher unemployment, fewer benefits, fewer advancement and educational opportunities than do men workers. Most women continue to be forced into the lowest-paying, least-skilled, least-safe, least-unionized occupations in this country."

Ironically, to grasp the problem of discrimination against women, the A.F.L.-C.I.O. leadership need look no further than its own backyard. Despite the labor federation's vocal support of the E.R.A. and George Meany's description of himself as a "closet feminist," no woman has ever served on the A.F.L.-C.I.O. Executive Council, and all of the federation's thirteen departments, standing committees, trades departments and regional offices are headed by men. Among the 104 international union affiliates, women occupy only 7 percent of all executive board seats, though they are 21 percent of the A.F.L.-C.I.O.'s 13.6 million members and 42 percent of the nation's labor force. In a labor organization firmly committed to liberal reform of many national institutions, laws and practices, "tradition" is invoked as an apparently insuperable obstacle to making room for women (as well as for blacks and Hispanics) in the A.F.L.-C.I.O.'s topmost power center. It is A.F.L.-C.I.O. policy to elect vice presidents from among the heads of major international unions and no woman is in such a position. But if Meany had ever merely whispered that the thirty-five-member Executive Council must include a representative of the federation's several million women members, an additional vice presidency could have been created.

Whether Lane Kirkland will use his new authority to propose female representation on the council when he takes over the A.F.L.-C.I.O. presidency remains in question, particularly if there is no pressure from the convention floor. At the last convention in Los Angeles two years ago, only about thirty-five of more than 700 delegates were women, and a similar number is expected at the mid-November meeting. The Illinois state A.F.L.-C.I.O. has submitted a resolution "encouraging" the convention "to elect women and minority members to the Executive Council to fully reflect" their 35 percent composition of organized labor, but the all-male resolutions committee is not likely to rush this proposal to the floor.

Miller is expected to be lavish in her praise of Meany and Kirkland for their cooperation with C.L.U.W. and for their decision—in response to a written complaint from her—to shift their convention to Washington from Florida, a non-E.R.A. state that the women's movement has urged all national organizations to boycott. Miller has said in the past that she regarded the demand for a woman on the Executive Council as "a form of sexism," but she now says she is confident Kirkland "will find a way" to overcome the traditional barrier to women. Some of her colleagues, including C.L.U.W. executive vice president Addie Wyatt of Chicago, are pressing hard on the issue. Wyatt is an international vice president and head of the civil rights and women's affairs department of the conglomerate United Food and Commercial Workers Union, the largest A.F.L.-C.I.O. affiliate. An estimated half-million of its 1,275,000 members are women.

"We can't go on presenting an all-male face to the nation," says Wyatt. "Why should we have to wait another two years until the next convention?" She recalls that she came into leadership in her union during the civil rights struggles of the 1960s when special efforts were made to elevate blacks to prominent roles. "Representation of women now is an idea whose time has come," she says. "Unless we have some women with equal status sitting on that council, we can't get real representation of women's issues in the labor movement."

Miller has a rare opportunity in her moment in the convention spotlight. In the last four of its five years of existence, however, C.L.U.W. has deliberately avoided any direct criticism of or confrontations with the A.F.L.-C.I.O. or international union leaders. At C.L.U.W.'s own biennial convention in New York two months ago, its resolutions committee sidetracked resolutions submitted by the New York and St. Louis chapters and International Ladies Garment Workers Union members calling for specific goals and timetables for election and appointment of women to union leadership, including the A.F.L.-C.I.O. council. Instead, the convention approved a committee-endorsed resolution that had strong rhetoric on affirmative action on the job and in union positions, but avoided setting any time limits.

In a move reminiscent of tactics used by organized labor's elder statesmen, C.L.U.W.'s resolutions committee also bottled up two resolutions favoring the SALT II treaty and a transfer of military funds to domestic programs, both reportedly opposed by women from Albert Shanker's teachers' union. And it took a floor fight to get action on an I.L.G.W.U. resolution endorsing total amnesty for all undocumented workers currently in the country and calling for efforts to organize them. The resolution, finally approved without opposition, is of major importance to the I.L.G.W.U., which has been hurt badly by competition from cheap-labor garment shops abroad and from thousands of sweatshops operating with illegal aliens, mostly women, in New York, Texas and California. (Paradoxically, the I.L.G.W.U., 80 percent of whose members are women, is among the most sexist of the A.F.L.-C.I.O. affiliates. None of its national officers and only two of its twenty-seven-member executive board are women.)

C.L.U.W. was founded in 1974 by an unexpectedly large and militant contingent of 3,000 women who turned up for the Chicago organizing meeting. By the time C.L.U.W. held its first constitutional convention in Detroit a year later, control was firmly in the hands of women officials or staffers from A.F.L.-C.I.O. unions and the unaffiliated United Automobile Workers and International Brotherhood of Teamsters unions, and has remained there. The Detroit con-

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vention also made a key decision to restrict C.L.U.W. membership to women and men who were already union members, rejecting an attempt by some leftists to open it up to all working women. Few C.L.U.W. members quarrel with that decision now, but some believe a formula should be worked out to include women whom unions are actively trying to organize. C.L.U.W.'s resources are so limited, however, that it has been unable to reach out to union women, let alone unorganized women. Its membership, variously estimated at from 6,000 to 8,000, is slightly more than 1 percent of eligible women unionists. It operates with a two-woman staff from a rent-free room in the New York headquarters of Miller's union, the A.C.T.W.U., and has an annual budget of $80,000. Last year, the A.F.L.-C.I.O. contributed $10,000 ($5,000 less than requested), and various unions gave lesser amounts as well as free services. C.L.U.W.'s officers take a pragmatic view of their avoidance of confrontation with labor's male leaders, and cite a long list of accomplishments: C.L.U.W. was responsible for getting the A.F.L.-C.I.O. to reverse its longstanding opposition to the E.R.A. A.F.L.-C.I.O. lobbyists helped win passage of the pregnancy disability bill, and went all-out for adoption of the minimum-wage bill, which primarily affected women and minorities. Unions with large female memberships, such as the Communications Workers, the International Union of Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers, and the American Federation of State, County and Municipal Employees, have been promoting women functionaries, hiring more women organizers and generally stepping up women's activities. And the A.F.L.-C.I.O. Industrial Union Department has agreed to pay for and cosponsor with C.L.U.W. a conference in January on the problems of organizing working women.

Inclusion of a woman on the A.F.L.-C.I.O. Executive Council may be seen as a token issue, and some C.L.U.W. rank and filers cynically remark that any woman acceptable to the high command will have to be a "hack." But those pushing the issue view it as a wedge that will open the way for a much-needed influx of womanpower into the stagnating labor movement.

Overall, the percentage of organized workers in the labor force is declining, yet women accounted for almost half of the numerical increase in union membership reported between 1956 and 1976. Women are continuing to stream into the work force, particularly into the fast-growing but largely unorganized service, white-collar and public-sector jobs. Now 42 percent of the labor force, women may very well soon be the majority. Miller points out that eleven million more women are expected to enter the labor force by 1990. The challenge of organizing some fifty million working women, with enormous problems of low pay, poor working conditions, on-the-job discrimination, inflexible hours and almost nonexistent child-care facilities, is not likely to be met by an all-male labor leadership that is simply trying to hang on to what it has.

Only a free-wheeling and dramatic organizing effort comparable to the C.I.O. campaigns in the late 1930s, but this time led by women as well as men, can begin to do this job. The A.F.L.-C.I.O. has the money to help finance such an undertaking, but it won't happen unless women become much more aggressive in their demands for economic and leadership equality and unless men in the labor movement recognize that their future growth is linked to women's achievements. □

Afghanistan – A Revolution Consumes Itself

FRED HALLIDAY

With the imminent approach of the winter snows that will hinder rebel mobility, Afghanistan's beleaguered revolutionary regime can now look back on six months of rural revolt and urban dissension that have left the Government of the People's Democratic Party (P.D.P.A.) severely weakened. The culmination of this mounting crisis came on Friday, September 14, when President Noor Mohammad Taraki, the 62-year-old founder of the P.D.P.A., attempted to oust his chief rival, Prime Minister Hafizullah Amin. Amin, however, had placed one of his closest collaborators, Maj. M. Tarun, as chief of Taraki's bodyguard; Amin also controlled the party and police. A gun battle ensued inside the People's Palace in Kabul, which could be heard throughout the city, and Amin's group triumphed. Taraki, who had just returned from the Havana Conference of the Non-Aligned Countries and from a meeting in Moscow with Chairman Leonid Brezhnev, was mortally wounded, although his death was not announced until October 11. Taraki's name and photograph were hastily tossed into the ashcan of history, while Major Tarun, who was also killed in the clash, was given a state funeral as a "Martyr of the Revolution."

One of the most intriguing aspects of this crisis is the role played in it by the Soviet Union. Amin, it is true, had built up his position over the past year in a series of personal advances with Russian approval. At the time of the P.D.P.A.'s accession to power in April 1978, the 52-year-old former schoolteacher and student at Columbia University acted as liaison man between the P.D.P.A. and the Army and Air Force officers who staged the leftist coup that deposed President Sardar Mohammad Daud. Amin became Prime Minister this March, following the first major anti-Government uprising in the northwestern city of Herat. Then, in July,

Fred Halliday is a fellow of the Transnational Institute, Amsterdam, and an editorial associate of New Left Review *and* MERIP Reports. *He is the author of* Arabia Without Sultans: A Political Survey of Instability in the Arab World *(Vintage Books) and* Iran: Dictatorship and Development *(Penguin).*

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after the defection of large numbers of military to the rebels, Amin also became Minister of Defense. As Prime Minister, Amin was in charge of Aqsa, the Agency for the Preservation of the Interests of Afghanistan, a secret security force assisted by the Russians and East Germans.

But despite Amin's strong position within the state and party systems, his fierce repression of the political opposition had enflamed popular resistance to the P.D.P.A., and the evidence overwhelmingly indicates that the Russians had decided to remove him. Taraki had for some time been trying to open a dialogue with elements in the Afghan opposition, and he planned to blame Amin for the arrests and killings committed by Aqsa. Ironically, Asadallah, the head of Aqsa, was a confidant of Taraki, and he too died in the September 14 shootout. But although Taraki's new policy had the blessing of the Russians, in the end that was not enough for the President to prevail over Amin's security forces.

The most obvious barometer of Russian support for Taraki was the fact that he received a ceremonial welcome and farewell from Soviet leaders during his stopover in Moscow. The Russians are not in the habit of publicizing their endorsement of someone they know is about to be ousted. The Soviet authorities also seemed taken aback when the announcement of Taraki's fall came on September 16. A Russian journalist who was at the headquarters of the Russian news agency, Tass, on that day told me later: "No one expected this to happen; and, as you know, people at Tass tend to be forewarned about such things." The failure of Premier Aleksei Kosygin to stop over in Kabul on his way back to the U.S.S.R. from a trip to India shortly after the People's Palace battle can be read as a sign of Russian disapproval.

The Russians were, however, reluctantly forced to recognize Amin, and have now given him political and military backing in a fight that is becoming every day more dangerous for the P.D.P.A. Government. There are several thousand Russian military advisers in the country; many Air Force missions are flown by Russian pilots, and 5,000 Russian civilians staff the main ministries. The Soviet Union, which has been Afghanistan's main source of economic and military assistance ever since President Dwight D. Eisenhower refused to help Kabul back in the 1950s, has now committed itself to $1 billion in aid for the Five-Year Plan scheduled to begin this year. Because it borders on the Soviet Union, Afghanistan has become a major test of the Russians' policy of supporting what they consider revolutionary regimes. Now, through no choice of their own, they have become more deeply mired there than in any other Third World country.

It was not always thus. Despite allegations in the Western press, and by such cold warriors as Henry Kissinger and Zbigniew Brzezinski, that the Russians were behind the April 1978 P.D.P.A. coup, there is not a scrap of evidence to show that this was so. If anyone did set the ball rolling, it was the Shah of Iran, whose SAVAK officials were using Iranian economic and military influence to push the Mohammad Daud Government to the right. An attempt by Daud to crush the P.D.P.A. and its allies and reach a global deal with the Shah and the Pakistanis backfired, with the result that the P.D.P.A. was elevated to power more quickly than even its leaders had expected.

The P.D.P.A. is a small party, consisting of a few thousand urban intellectuals, but it decided to act boldly to grapple with the problems of this antiquated country, where 90 percent of the men and 98 percent of the women are illiterate, where 1975 per capita income was $150 and where the average life expectancy is 35 years. They canceled debts that peasants owed to landlords, they organized mass literacy campaigns, built 600 schools, ended child-marriage and reduced the bride price to less than $10. They restored cultural and educational rights to the Turkoman, Uzbek, Baluchi and Nuristani national minorities. In December of last year, they inaugurated the first land reform in Afghanistan's history. About 300,000 families received land in parcels ranging from 6 to 60 hectares, depending upon the quality of the land, an average of 10.2 hectares per family.

For the first few months, there was very little resistance to the new Government, and in the towns and some rural areas the scattered evidence available suggests there was even some popular enthusiasm for the new policies. But the manner in which the policies were administered undermined the Government's reformist intentions. The peasants' main debts were owed not to landlords but to bazaar traders and moneylenders, and these were not canceled. The landlords, few of whom were big estate owners, had provided the seed, water and implements for the agricultural sector, and the Government was unable to replace their contribution, although it did set up some support stations and provide 1,600 tractors. The land reform and extension of Government controls provoked opposition from landlords and tribal leaders in several parts of the country, and, in the south and east,

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tribal chiefs who had benefited from the contraband trade with Pakistan were also subjected to new and unwelcome constraints.

Early this year, as the reforms showed signs of taking hold, the Government and its Russian guarantors made their great miscalculation. For instead of taking the prudent approach that P.D.P.A.'s weakness and the traditional tribal resistance to all government would have suggested, they decided to crush what they indiscriminately regarded as "counterrevolutionary forces." This led to brutal attacks on villages and rural areas where there was resistance to the reforms, or even where there was believed to be such resistance. Relying on the Air Force to bomb and strafe, the regime quickly alienated large parts of the countryside. The result was that a rebellion largely confined in March and April to weak outbreaks in Kunar and Pakhtia, near the Pakistani border, which had to be supported by Pakistani troops, had by the middle of the summer spread to most of the rural areas. The regime's strategy, for which the Russians must bear considerable responsibility, seems to have rested on three main tactics: First, unrestrained use of air power against rebel forces and villages. Second, the destruction of crops in rural areas, in the hope of either starving the rebels out or forcing them into Pakistan. Third, a political understanding with the Pakistani opposition who would, the Kabul regime expected, come to power in the elections promised by President Zia ul-Haq before the end of the year and who would then reach an accommodation with the Afghans that would undercut the rebels' logistical support.

Now, of course, no election is going to take place in Pakistan. Instead, the Zia Government is giving aid to Islamic elements in Afghanistan in furtherance of its campaign to win support from Pakistani Moslems. The crop-destruction policy has had a major impact, and Afghanistan now faces the real possibility of famine, with an estimated shortage of 1.4 million tons of wheat, very little of which can be expected to be made up by the Soviet Union, which has its own grain shortage.

The military onslaught in the countryside, moreover, has triggered the spread of unrest to the urban areas, since whenever a particular village is attacked, those formerly from that area now living in the towns are embittered against the regime. The Government cracked down, using troops and Aqsa secret policemen, plus Sarandoy, the militarized police, to arrest people merely because they came from a particular area where fighting had occurred. Large-scale pre-emptive arrests in the civil service and in the military followed, and thousands of people have now been seized. Hundreds, if not thousands, have been executed without trial, while the death toll in the countryside probably runs into the tens of thousands.

The first major outbreak of urban resistance occurred in Herat in late March, when the women of one area refused to attend a literacy class and Afghan soldiers were ordered to fire on that quarter of the town. This happened to be where some of the soldiers' families lived, so they mutinied and turned on the Russian military advisers living in the town. The death toll is unknown, but dozens of Russians may have died in that incident alone. In June, members of the Hazara ethnic minority staged a demonstration in Kabul; in August, members of the 444 Commando unit mutinied in the Bala Hissar Fort after Sarandoy elements had tried to carry out a pre-emptive arrest among its ranks (most of those targeted for arrest were P.D.P.A. members). Both uprisings were crushed with utter ferocity.

In retaliation, the rebels have announced that they will kill all P.D.P.A. members and Government officials they capture. Large-scale defections from the armed forces and the civil administration have taken place since June. Most of the 80,000-man Army and its 8,000 officers are now immobilized, and the regime is relying on the Air Force, with its Russian pilots, and on a new militia, which is claimed (probably exaggeratedly) to number upward of 70,000. The militia consists of young people inducted into the regime, who, whatever their ideological affiliations, know that their only hope for survival lies in supporting the P.D.P.A. to the end.

Outside powers are certainly playing a role in this disastrous situation, but it would be a mistake to ascribe the sole responsibility to them. Pakistan provides facilities for the 200,000 and more refugees, and military and financial aid to some of the rebels. China is reliably believed to be arming and training other rebels—via Pakistan. Evidence of this has especially encouraged Russian overreaction. Iran gives a lot of rhetorical support, and some material support, to the Sh'ia rebels (20 percent of the Afghan population are Sh'ia). Kuwait and Saudi Arabia provide some financial aid. No doubt the Central Intelligence Agency takes an acute interest in events in Afghanistan, but with the field so crowded they can afford to sit back and smugly watch others—especially the Soviet Union—embroil themselves.

The rebels are split into at least ten different factions and have been unable to coordinate their actions. The basis of the revolt is a spontaneous tribal rejection of the manner in which the Government has tried to impose its control. Those whose way of life is most threatened by the reforms play an especially active part in it.

Since his ouster of Taraki, Amin has taken a number of steps to distinguish himself from the policies of his predecessor. He has denounced illegalities, set up a committee to prepare a constitution, and given amnesty to some prisoners. Aqsa has been replaced by KAM—The Workers' Intelligence Organization—which is headed by one of Amin's relatives. These acts seem nothing but maneuvering, and neither the rebels nor those members of the P.D.P.A. who supported Taraki are going to forgive Amin. Amin's speeches have taken on an increasingly unreal tone, and he now talks of Afghanistan—a country where 90 percent of the people are peasants—as a "workers' state." Similarly, the personality cult around Amin, who is now referred to as "the brave commander of the April revolution," seems to be pressing the limits of credibility.

These events must be causing considerable unhappiness in the ranks of the Soviet leadership, who see Russian forces massively and directly involved in an internal conflict of this kind for the first time since the Spanish Civil War. The Rus-

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sians are evidently reluctant to send in combat troops, but know that if they did, their political system could withstand heavy casualty lists without the domestic upheaval that America's intervention in Vietnam engendered.

In the Russians' narrow view, all the trouble in Afghanistan is being caused by "foreign interference" and "counter-revolutionary activity." But as one Afghan militant put it to me recently: "If our revolution is defeated, it will be more because of our own weaknesses and mistakes than because of the strength of our enemies." Most of the hopes of the April 1978 revolution have been well and truly extinguished by the events of the past six months. More than reliance on the support of the U.S.S.R will be necessary if anything is to be rescued from the ashes. □

TWO STEPS FORWARD . . .

The Burger Court Holds the Line

HERMAN SCHWARTZ

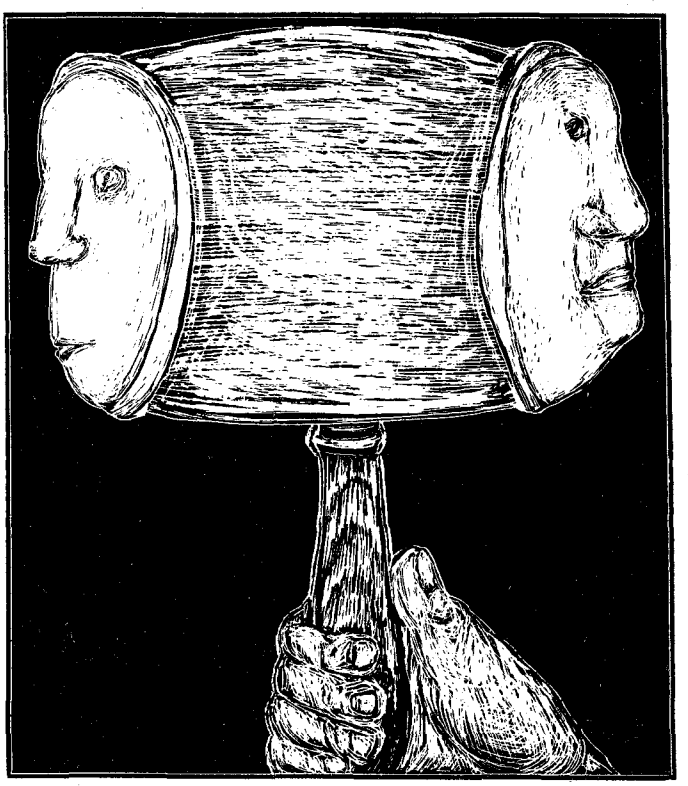
Among those who judge the Justices, the 1978-79 Supreme Court term produced some diverse reactions. *The New York Times* headlined its wrap-up story "Advances in Civil Rights" and cheerfully editorialized that "when it came to the broad questions in the major cases," the Court showed "humanity and good sense." But American Civil Liberties Union legal director Bruce Ennis concluded in these pages ("Ten Dangerous Decisions," *The Nation*, September 8) that "every student of the Supreme Court knows [that] the Burger Court is not sympathetic to the rights of individuals and minorities." And *The Washington Post* found a "Court divided within itself, [and] inconsistent."

Obviously, it's the old elephant story. Each focused on a part of the creature, and there were enough decisions scattered all over the ideological spectrum to support all these reactions. But there was also an underlying consistency in result, if not in philosophy. Apart from whether the specific rulings were liberal, conservative or reactionary, the Court seemed to be holding the line, calling a halt or a pause to tendencies that were developing in one direction or another. This can best be seen in the term's major civil liberties victories—the Dayton and Columbus, Ohio, school busing rulings and the employment affirmative action case, *Kaiser Aluminum & Chemical Company* v. *Weber*.

From 1954 to 1973, the Court consistently promoted school desegregation, and usually with unanimous or near-unanimous votes. But four years ago, it began to backtrack. In 1975, a 5-to-4 majority refused to allow a lower court to order integration of the city and suburban school systems in the Detroit area, thereby dooming most metropolitan areas to permanent school segregation. Two years later, the Court made it very difficult to prove that segregation was intentional by insisting on proof that public officials actually wanted to separate the races; lower courts had ruled that the segregation need be only a foreseeable result of the action. Then in 1977, Justice William Rehnquist wrote an opinion for an almost unanimous Court that sharply limited a Federal court's power to integrate a whole school system. And in at least five other cases, the Court insisted that school busing orders issued by lower courts be reconsidered in light of these restrictive rulings. At this point, things looked quite ominous for school integration. The Court seemed to be echoing the widespread public and Congressional opposition to school busing.

This June, over a characteristically acid Rehnquist dissent, the Court did a sharp turnaround. In the two Ohio cases, the Court focused on whether the school systems in Dayton and Columbus had been intentionally segregated in 1954 and 1955, when the Court decided *Brown* v. *Board of Education*. Finding that they had, the Court upheld lower court decisions ordering the schools desegregated on a systemwide basis, rather than just in individual schools or neighborhoods.

This was a novel approach for Northern school systems, where segregation had usually been abolished by statute long before 1954, but where school officials had nonetheless arranged it so that blacks and whites did not go to school together. Since these officials were much less sophisticated about hiding their prejudices before *Brown* was decided, the Dayton and Columbus cases make it much easier to prove intentional segregation and to obtain a systemwide desegre-



Herman Schwartz is currently with a Senate committee, but the views expressed are personal and solely his own.

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gation order. With these decisions, the Court seems to have renewed its commitment to school integration, and to have halted and reversed the retrogressive tendencies of the last few years.

The Court's affirmative action decision in *Weber* was another case of holding the line. An increasing number of lower courts, perhaps responding to white public opinion, had decided that affirmative action employment plans unlawfully discriminate against white workers and violate Title VII of the Civil Rights Act of 1964. In a 5-to-2 decision written by Justice William Brennan, the four Justices who voted to uphold the University of California at Davis's plan in the *Bakke* case joined with Justice Potter Stewart to uphold an affirmative action plan voluntarily adopted by Kaiser that reserved half the places in a new craft training program for minorities. Though many questions still remain—when can an employer adopt an affirmative action program, since the Court explicitly dealt only with "conspicuous racial imbalance in traditionally segregated job categories"?; what impact will *Weber* have on public employees who are also bound by the Constitution as construed in *Bakke*?—affirmative action has survived.

These three cases easily rank among the most important civil rights cases in years. No term in which the Court hands down such decisions can be considered a disaster for civil rights, especially since most white Americans vehemently oppose both affirmative action and school busing. Yet in neither context did the Court really break new ground. Rather, it reversed a retreat from civil rights that seemed to be accelerating.

The many defeats for individual rights can also be viewed as reversals of tendencies. Although blacks won big in the Court this year after a string of reverses, the opposite appeared to be true for many other disadvantaged groups seeking equal or fair treatment. Prisoners, parolees, women, aliens, illegitimates, young people, the handicapped—all suffered significant defeats, and in many cases in decisions that made little sense.

Aliens, for example, were told that they could be excluded from public school teaching, even though just a few years ago the Court began to expand aliens' employment rights and ruled, among other things, that they could practice law. There was a similar reversal for the rights of illegitimate children, surely as innocent and victimized a group as there is. In 1977, the Court ruled in a 5-to-4 decision written by Justice Lewis Powell that an illegitimate child can inherit from his father if the father dies without a will. A year later, however, Justice Powell switched, voted against the illegitimates, and the Court upheld a New York law that blocks such inheritance unless there is a judicial finding of paternity during the father's lifetime, even if there is convincing proof of the relationship.

Aliens and illegitimates were not the only losers. Prisoners were reminded that they had few rights, even if they were still presumptively innocent pretrial detainees who were confined solely for lack of bail money. (See Schwartz, "Bad Time in the Bail Jail," *The Nation*, June 30.) Parolees were denied any due process rights in the parole release process. A deaf nurse was unable to compel a nursing school to create a special program for her. In one of the worst defeats for women's rights in years, the Court upheld an absolute lifetime veteran's preference, even though its impact on women's efforts to get good state civil service jobs was devastating.

And to conclude this dismal recital, the Court continued to deny the press access to news, holding that journalists could be excluded from pretrial hearings in criminal cases; Justice Stewart's opinion for the Court went so far as to say that judges could exclude the press from the trial itself, even though the case before the Court involved only pretrial hearings. Since the decision in June, judges have closed courts in some sixty cases.

There is no way to minimize the harm from at least some of these decisions, although the pretrial detention and press cases may be less damaging than they seemed initially. Lower courts have continued to strike down intolerable prison and jail conditions (a Justice Department lawyer told me he didn't expect any impact on the department's cases against state and local jails). And this term the Court will consider a courtroom closing in Virginia, an opportunity to prune the press decision of its more noxious growths.

But even the other setbacks do not look so grave when seen in perspective. For almost all of the groups mentioned —aliens, illegitimates, women, prisoners and parolees, and also abortion—the law is far more favorable today than it was before 1969, when the Burger Court era began. Crucial and often pioneering decisions for each of these groups all came in the 1970s, as did the most important of all Title VII employment discrimination cases—the 1979 *Griggs* decision, which held that someone denied a job or promotion need not prove that the employer or union intended to discriminate but only that the employment practice had a discrimatory impact, which is a much easier task. And even where the press is concerned, the Court has consistently upheld its right to print the news it does obtain.

What the Court seems to be doing in these areas is to follow a haltingly sympathetic line, in which it moves forward two steps, backs up one, then moves forward again, and so on. Overall, the motion has been forward, but not consistently and rarely by giant steps. These cases all involve the central domestic issue of the postwar years—the drive for an equal share of society's benefits and resources by blacks, women, the handicapped, youth and others who have long been excluded. Few things can shake a privileged majority more than the rightful claims of previously suppressed groups, and the Court has obviously tried to move not too far away from the views of either the majority that has or the minorities and women who want.

Last year's *Bakke* decision is a good example of this Court's work: split three ways and unclear as to its doctrinal implications, the decision nevertheless allowed affirmative action plans in higher education to survive, and, according to a recent *New York Times* survey, has had no adverse impact on minority admissions. Certain law schools, including the University of California at Davis, have actually had increasing black enrollments, even though black applications

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to law schools have generally declined.

This same inclination not to move too much in one direction or another can be seen in this year's criminal cases. Criminal defendants have long been the most disfavored class among those who come to the Supreme Court, as Burger, Rehnquist and other Nixon appointees have joined with Warren Court dissenters to stop any further expansion of the rights of criminal defendants. This term, however, defendants were treated a little better. Of some twenty-six cases, they won about twelve, including some important ones. Thus, the Court surprisingly ruled that a suspect could not be taken to the police station for questioning solely on suspicion, repudiating several longstanding New York decisions; it expanded the scope of Federal court review of state court convictions where the defendant claims there was insufficient evidence to convict; it required unanimity for a six-person jury verdict, and it prohibited random police stops of motor vehicles. On the other hand, the Court refused to protect the privacy of telephone call records, and limited the scope of both the *Mapp* rule excluding illegally obtained evidence and the *Miranda* case on interrogation of suspects. It is quite significant, however, that the Burger Court has deliberately chosen not to overrule either of these much-reviled decisions, even though it has often been urged to do so, has had many opportunities, and most of its members would have voted against them had they been on the Court when the cases came up. Although subjected to judicial pruning, both these decisions still stand.

This Court may indeed be like Churchill's much-scorned pudding, without a theme. But is that so bad, at a time when the theme set by the other branches of Government and the not-so-silent majority often seems so hostile to human rights? These have been years when whites have become bitter over school integration and affirmative action, the Equal Rights Amendment is faltering, irrationally harsh crime solutions are urged, welfare programs have been cut back, Proposition 13 fever has been epidemic, and antiabortion forces have flourished. People struggling with inflation and making ends meet can't be expected to have much concern left over for others. At such a time, it would be astonishing if the Court had not become more conservative. Indeed, by 1968 the Warren Court was beginning to cut back somewhat.

Yet, these 1970s have not been as one-sided as the previous paragraph would indicate. In 1972, protections against employment discrimination were expanded and strengthened; in 1973 and later, the handicapped and aged were given protection; in 1978, Congress overruled a 1976 Supreme Court decision allowing denial of pregnancy disability benefits; environmental and safety legislation has been adopted. And the Court has faithfully mirrored that aspect of the decade as well.

These have not been the best of years, but neither have they been the worst, and the same may also be said of this Supreme Court. On many issues the Court, like the country, has been narrow and illiberal—criminal justice, poverty, access for the press to news, citizens' access to the courts. But on many other issues, its movement has been haltingly forward and for this we should give, if not a cheer, at least a sigh of relief. □

Feminists

(Continued From Front Cover)

calls the "essential humanizing functions of stable, longstanding, generation-spanning primary groups" and the "virulent, reckless, reactive quality of much feminist rhetoric against the biological family, against permanent personal commitments of adults to childhood . . . against childbearing itself [has occurred] ironically, when women and men have been in the best position to minimize the oppressive features of human biology." The result has been the creation of what I shall call a *politics of displacement*, which erodes personal life even as it vitiates the emergence of a genuine public life. This feminist politics of displacement, in turn, helps to provoke a troubling mirror-image. How has this come about?

The key to feminist politics lies in a phrase that has served simultaneously as an explanatory principle, a motto and an article of faith: "The Personal Is Political." Note that the claim is not that the personal and the political are interrelated in important and fascinating ways not yet fully explored and previously hidden to us by patriarchal ideology and practice; nor that the personal and the political may be fruitfully examined as analogous to one another along certain touchstones of power and privilege, but that the personal *is* political. What is asserted is an identity: a collapse of the one into the other. Nothing "personal" is exempt, then, from political definition, direction and manipulation—neither sexual intimacy, love, nor parenting.

By reducing politics to what are seen as "power relations," important thinkers in all wings of the women's movement, but centered in the radical feminist perspective, have proferred as an alternative to the malaise of the present a rather bleak Hobbesianism rejuvenated in feminist guise. For if politics is power and power is everywhere, politics is in fact nowhere and a vision of public life as the touchstone of a revitalized ideal of citizenship is lost. These are serious charges and I shall document them by turning to the manner in which radical feminist images of the "sex war," centered in the family, are served up as a substitute for social and political struggle.

To have a war one needs enemies, and radical feminism (as distinguished from liberal, Marxist or socialist, and psychoanalytic feminism) has no difficulty finding him. The portrait of man which emerges from radical feminist texts is that of an implacable enemy, an incorrigible and dangerous beast who has as his chief aim in life the oppression and domination of women. Ti-Grace Atkinson attributes this male compulsion to man's a priori need to oppress others, an imperative termed "metaphysical cannibalism" from which women are exempt. Susan Brownmiller's male is

Jean Bethke Elshtain is associate professor of political science at the University of Massachusetts, Amherst.

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tainted with an *animus dominandi* which makes him a "natural predator." Mary Daly's male is less bestial, more ghoulish, a vampire who feeds "on the bodies and minds of women. . . . Like Dracula, the he-male has lived on women's blood." Women, however, escape the curse of original sin, being accorded a separate and divergent ontological status. In their views on male and female nature, radical feminists sadly confuse "natural" and "social" categories (as they accuse apologists for patriarchal privilege of doing by manipulating the terms "nature" and "culture" for their own ideological ends). For if male and female roles in society flow directly from some biological given, there is little or nothing politics can do to alter the situation.

Although women escape the curse of an unblessed birth, they are treated to considerable scorn by radical feminists under the guise of "demystifying" their "biological functions." Pregnancy is characterized as "the temporary deformation of the body for the sake of the species." Shulamith Firestone rubs salt into the wound by relating a story of a group of malicious children who point their fingers at a pregnant woman and taunt mercilessly, "Who's the fat lady?" The fetus is labeled variously a "tenant," a "parasite" and an "uninvited guest." Heterosexual sex is reduced to "using people, conning people, messing over people, conquering people, exploiting people." And love? A "pathological condition," a "mass neurosis" which must be destroyed. Childbirth is painful and hideous. Motherhood is portrayed as a condition of terminal psychological and social decay, total self-abnegation and physical deterioration. The new mother is "barely coherent . . . stutters . . . bumps into stationary objects." What has all this to do with politics? The answer, for radical feminists, is everything, given that the "personal is political."

The only way to stop all this, they go on, is to eliminate the patriarchal nuclear family. The argument runs something like this: because "tyranny" begins in biology or nature, nature itself must be changed. *All else* will follow, for it is biological "tyranny," the sex distinction itself, that oppresses women. Having accepted as a necessary and sufficient condition for social change the total "restructuring" of relations between the sexes, Firestone, for example, fizzles into a combination of trivial self-help ("a revolutionary in every bedroom") and a barbaric cybernetic utopia within which every aspect of life rests in the beneficent hands of a new elite of engineers, cyberneticians animated by the victorious Female Principle. Brownmiller's solution to the sex war lodged in male biology and the "rape culture" that is an automatic outgrowth of man's unfortunate anatomy is a loveless Sparta, a "stalemate" in the sex war in which women have been "fully integrated into the extant power structure—police, national guards, state troopers, local sheriffs' offices, state prosecuting attorneys' offices, armed forces"—in other words, just about any male activity that involves a uniform, a badge, a gun or a law degree.

These suggested solutions to masculine perfidy and biological "tyranny" exemplify modalities of displacement for they cannot be specified with any concreteness nor acted upon, remaining utopian and abstract; at other times they envisage a female takeover of the extant "power structure," thus vitiating consideration of the structural dimensions of our current crisis, which lie in the specific practices of production, the nature of life work, the problems of political accountability and of social stratification along lines of ethnicity, class and race as well as sex.

Except for its ludicrous caricature of the married person as a family fanatic busily engaged in putting single people down, a more recent and sophisticated treatment of radical feminist themes, Ellen Willis's *Village Voice* article, "The Family: Love It or Leave It," avoids many of the crude oversimplifications I have cited. Willis expresses much of the richness and ambivalence internal to family life and to an honest contemplation of that life. Finally, however, her essay collapses under the weight of several contradictions. She insists, for example, that familial matters include public issues that should be the grounds for political decision making. Yet she provides no basis for genuine political action because her strategy remains steadfastly individualistic. ("If people stopped . . . If enough parents . . . If enough women . . .")

Indeed, it is difficult to determine how and why "people, enough parents, women" could mount an effective assault on the public issues Willis finds embedded in our private lives if one of her other claims, that capitalists "have an obvious stake in encouraging dependence on the family," is as overriding as she says it is. She fails to realize that one could make precisely the opposite case—with strong support from historic case studies, something Willis never sees fit to provide—that capitalists have historically had an interest in breaking up family units and eroding family ties. The capitalist ideal is a society of social atoms, beings not essentially connected to one another, to a time, or to a place, who could be shunted about according to market imperatives alone.

Liberal feminism's indictments of family life and men are less bloodcurdling, although Betty Friedan couldn't resist the alliterative "comfortable concentration camp" as a description of suburban housewifery. Friedan's women vegetated as menfolk went off to the city and "kept on growing." Friedan's presumption that the world of work within capitalist society is infinitely preferable to the world of the home is a linchpin of liberal feminism and serves to highlight the class-bound nature of their reflections. Friedan certainly didn't have eight hours a day on an assembly line in mind when she denigrated familial life and celebrated work life. Elizabeth Janeway, another liberal thinker, insists that a man has it over a woman in contemporary society because he knows where he stands; he receives rewards according to pre-existing standards of judgment in the marketplace. Women, however, out of the running for the prizes, are confused as to their "true value" (i.e., market worth). Women can take care of this unfortunate state of affairs as individuals, acting alone and being political simply by being "role breakers," a move that simultaneously puts them into the market arena and "threaten[s] the order of the universe."

Marxist feminists put forth conflicting views of family

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life, but those operating within an orthodox Marxist-Leninist framework are locked into a narrow econometric model that sees both the family and politics as epiphenomenal, having no autonomous nor semiautonomous existence of their own. Within this perspective, politics is displaced onto economic concerns exclusively and, paradoxically, depoliticized as a result. Mothering becomes "the reproduction of the labor force" or "the future commodity labor power." Should a mother take umbrage at this characterization of her alternately joyous and vexing activity, it is taken as evidence of her "false consciousness." (There are, however, feminists working within the Marxist tradition who have a more complex image of familial life, and I discuss their views briefly below.)

Taken all in all, the image that emerges from contemporary feminism's treatment of the family is that of a distortion so systematic that it has become another symptom of the disease it seeks to diagnose. One of the key symptoms of this disease—this "legitimation crisis"—is a widespread draining of society's social institutions, public and private, of their value and significance. In stripping away the old ideological guises that celebrated motherhood and denigrated women, extolled the dignity of private life yet disallowed parents the means with which to live in decency and with dignity, feminists performed a necessary and important service. But unmasking an ideology and constructing a sound theory are not the same activity. Ironically, a new feminist ideology has emerged to replace the old patriarchal one. It, like the old, exerts a silencing effect over free and open debate on a whole range of issues having to do with female sexuality, the conflicting demands of contemporary heterosexuality, pregnancy, childbirth and child-rearing, and family life, even as it provides no alternative vision of a revitalized concept of "citizenship."

My concern is with that anti-familial feminist ideology that has become linked up in the popular mind with efforts to erode or destroy the meaning and relations of family life *in the absence of any workable alternative*. I have described the complex process at work as a politics of displacement, a form of pseudopolitics in which the symptoms of social breakdown are construed as the disease itself, allowing the deeper dimensions of the crisis to go unchallenged.

Feminist thinkers, in their quest to identify the breeding ground of patriarchal privilege, found a sitting duck in the family. But this is as much attributable to our confusion and malaise over the family's proper social role as it is to feminist prescience. Since the advent of the Industrial Revolution, Western society has faced a "crisis in the family" with each successive generation. The chain of events set in motion by industrialism eventually stripped the family of most of its previous functions as a productive, vocational, religious, educative and welfare unit. As these functions were absorbed by other social institutions and practices, the family remained the locus of intimate, long-term reproductive relations and child-rearing activities. The strains of these shifts are reflected historically in the works of great novelists, political and social theorists and the theory and practice of psychoanalysis.

Norman Birnbaum, Blair Clark,
Ramsey Clark, Fred Cook,
Terrence Des Pres, E.L. Doctorow,
Richard Falk, Jules Feiffer, Tom Ferguson &
Joel Rogers, Frances FitzGerald,
James Goodman & Dorothy Samuels,
Philip Green, Christopher Hitchens,
Leonard Kriegel, Penny Lernoux,
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Aryeh Neier, Marcel Ophuls, Nora Sayre,
Robert Sherrill, Calvin Trillin,
Kurt Vonnegut, Alan Wolfe **write it.**

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The feminist movement is, then—at least in part—a direct outgrowth of the intensification of contradictory burdens and demands on family members. The family is a product of uneven development, existing as a purposeful and vital unit within *every* extant society, yet resisting, within capitalist society, total domination by relations of exchange and the values of the marketplace. Diverse aspects of social practices collide within the family: little girls, for example, may be inculcated with the American ideology of equality of opportunity, receive an education identical to that of their brothers yet, simultaneously, learn an ideology of womanhood and domesticity incompatible with the other ideological imperatives they also hold. Nevertheless, the family, however shakily and imperfectly, helps to keep alive an alternative to the values which dominate in the marketplace. It serves, in the words of Eli Zaretsky, as a reminder of the hope that "human beings can pass beyond a life dominated by relations of production." This vital role played by the family in modern life is recognized by a minority of feminist thinkers who hold the socialist and psychoanalytic perspectives. Indeed, one of the most lyrical evocations of the importance of holding on to that which is valuable in family life, if social relations are not to become thoroughly brutal, may be found in the words of Sheila Rowbotham, a British Marxist feminist, who writes of the family as a "place of sanctuary for all the haunted, jaded, exhausted sentiments out of place in commodity production . . . The family is thus in one sense the dummy ideal, the repository of ghostly substitutes, emotional fictions. . . . But this distortion of human relations is the only place where human beings find whatever continuing love, security, and comfort they know."

Each child taught to see himself or herself as unique and unconditionally loved, a being (to draw upon Kant) having "dignity," not merely a "price," represents a challenge to the terms of the market system, just as noninstrumental human intimacy is a similar affront to increasingly sophisticated attempts to merchandise every area of human sexual life. Yet these family ties and relations are fragile, subject to strains and breakdowns and to a coarsening that reflects in miniature the abuses of the world outside. Reported incidents of child abuse, for example, rise dramatically during periods of widespread unemployment and economic despair as outward frustrations, in another variant on the politics of displacement, are displaced privately onto the family's most vulnerable members.

The politics of displacement is nothing new under the political sun. Past examples that spring to mind include the policies of the Romanov czars who, over the years, implicated Russia in some external imbroglio whenever they wished to shift public attention away from their domestic politics. A more sinister instance is the use of German Jews as scapegoats for the widespread social dislocation and hardship that followed the end of World War I, a politics of displacement perfected by fascism. In the history of American capitalist expansion and labor strife, one finds the frequent pitting of poor white and black unemployed against each other in such a way that each group saw the other as the source of its misery and corporate oligarchs escaped serious political challenge. Feminism's politics of displacement reveals its true colors when a feminist thinker assaults a social unit, already vulnerable and weakened by external and internal strains, as both *cause* and *symptom* of female subordination. In so doing, those feminists direct attention away from structural imperatives and constraints and promote a highly personalized sexual politics that is simultaneously depoliticizing, individualistic and potentially pernicious in its implications.

The implication of a feminist politics of displacement for politics itself is simply this: a displaced pseudopolitics vitiates attempts to articulate an ideal of public life as the deliberate efforts by citizens to "order, direct, and control their collective affairs and activities, to establish ends for their society, and to implement and evaluate these ends." Feminism's politics of displacement renders politics hollow, first, by finding politics everywhere; second, by reducing politics to crude relations of force or domination, and third, by stripping politics of its centrality to a shared social identity. It erodes private life by construing it as a power-riddled battleground, thus encouraging a crudely politicized approach toward coitus, marriage, child-rearing, even one's relationship to one's own body. It shares with all spinoffs of classical liberalism the failure to develop a vision of a political community and of citizenship that might serve as the touchstone of a collective identity for males and females alike. As Michael Walzer put it recently: "What made liberalism endurable for all these years was the fact that the individualism it generated was imperfect, tempered by older restraints and loyalties, by stable patterns of local, ethnic, religious or class relationships. An untempered liberalism would be unendurable." Feminist thinkers have yet to confront this sobering realization. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

Past Imperfect

LUCY R. LIPPARD

THE OBSTACLE RACE. *By Germaine Greer. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 373 pp. $25.*

WOMEN ARTISTS OF THE ARTS AND CRAFTS MOVEMENT. *By Anthea Callen. Pantheon Books. 232 pp. $20. Paper $10.95.*

In an article on needlework published in 1815, Mary Lamb declared that women should embroider for money or not at all; only then would they see their work as "real business" and be able to afford "real leisure." Such painful distinctions between art and work, upper-, middle- and working-class labor and leisure, "fine arts" and "minor arts," the amateur and the professional artist lie at the core of these two books on the buried history of women's art. Germaine Greer's *The Obstacle Race* covers only the "fine art" of Western painting, but covers it from the Middle Ages through the mid-twentieth century. Anthea Callen's *Women Artists of the Arts and Crafts Movement* covers all the so-called "minor arts" in England and America from 1870 to 1914, with chapters on ceramics, embroidery and needlework, lace making, jewelry and metalwork, woodcarving, furniture and interior design, hand printing, bookbinding and illustration, as well as chapters on women's design education, feminism, politics and class structure.

If Greer stresses psychology and Callen economics, both define from a lively viewpoint the social contexts in which women have fought for creative dignity, and both deplore the damage done by centuries of male domination in even those arts considered "inherently female." Both are also sympathetic to the anonymous "amateur," Greer noting aptly that "amateur noblewomen may have more to do with art history than anyone is prepared to acknowledge." (Aptly, because she too is an amateur in art history, her training limited to student years of drawing and museum-going; she attributes her decision to study women and the visual arts in part to the fact that she associates painting with sexual pleasure, and in part to a challenge issued by Norman Mailer in 1971.)

Callen is "mainly concerned to assess the role of middle-class women in their struggle for economic independence and an autonomous cultural identity." Lest that scare away those middle-class readers who are mainly interested in reading about the working class, I should say that she is equally perceptive about the relationship of art to the whole social structure. She weaves—appropriately—a new view of the arts and crafts movement, a fascinating fabric of economics, ideology and esthetic evaluation in which William Morris and Edward Burne-Jones are no longer central figures. Starting from the breakdown of the family and of the rural life style (and focusing on the crucial fact that by the mid-nineteenth century there were "too many women" in England) Callen traces the impetus for the crafts revival from the need to preserve the English countryside to the rather more pressing need to provide socially acceptable livelihoods for the increasing number of destitute gentlewomen, whose poverty was an embarrassment to their own class as well as to the state.

Art, like teaching, was seized upon as one of the few suitable professions for such women, complying as it did with the conventions of "woman's place." The constant reassurances that women artists would not compete in the male job market and art would not divert them from their hearths are reminiscent of right-wing arguments against the Equal Rights Amendment, not to mention the archaic but still flourishing notion that if a woman artist marries, she automatically becomes a "part-time artist." Both authors expose the crippling double standard by which women throughout history have been, in Greer's words, "led out of the race with false prizes, unaware of their defeat," and unaware that "the qualities men welcomed in women's art were the same that they reviled in their own."

Faced with such a large time span, Greer is inevitably less successful in making her points than is the more understated and better organized Callen. Nevertheless, her tone of irritable irony is a welcome addition to art historical literature, and I suspect an editor should share the blame for her confusing organization, maddening and ubiquitous one-sentence paragraphs, weird punctuation, dateless and often sappy captions, occasional typos and other inaccuracies. The book was originally intended as a dictionary, and its transformation to an integrated whole appears incomplete. The arrangement by theme rather than by chronology is a potentially good idea swept away on a flood of names and disconnected morsels of information. The early chapters—on "Family," "Love," "The Illusion of Success" and "Humiliation"—make a stronger case in Greer's class action suit against the past than the more specifically art historical chapters. Her intention is to show that "you cannot make great artists out of egos that have been damaged," so feminists waiting with bated breath for news of mythical Michelangelicas will have to settle for quantity over quality. She wants "to show woman artists not as a string of overrated individuals, but as members of a group having much in common, tormented by the same conflicts of motivation and the same practical difficulties, the obstacles both external and surmountable, internal and insurmountable in the race for achievement." At the same time, she devotes a whole chapter to Artemisia Gentileschi as "The Magnificent Exception" and when she suggests that Mondrian owed a debt to the virtually unknown Marlow Moss, she admits to "a sensation of giddiness and fright," since with such claims "the well-known landmarks drop away." This is a basic problem for anyone rewriting art history so that it includes women. Struggling with the need to make more of what we find than what is there, we can feel justified to some extent by our role as David rolling back a Goliath of entrenched historical "knowledge."

Greer would have had a better book, however, had she chosen her examples more judiciously instead of listing every artist no matter how little she knows about her. Callen's far better book also occasionally degenerates into list

Lucy R. Lippard is the author of several books on contemporary art, among them From the Center: Feminist Essays on Women's Art *(E.P. Dutton). She is a member of the collective that publishes* Heresies.

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making and she sometimes discusses women at length without reproducing their work. Nevertheless, both authors are making impressive moves to "repeople the historical artscape," as Greer puts it. And even as I make these complaints, I'm longing to hear the roll call continue, to read even more of such fragmented biographies, to see even more of such blurry pictures dredged up from museum basements. A mere name in print, however inconclusive and unsatisfying, is a name that has a chance at survival, and this is crucial to the future of feminist art history.

While most of the names in both books are little known, most of the issues are, alas, all too familiar. Greer quotes Boston artist William Morris Hunt saying to a tearful pupil in the 1860s: "You had better go and hem a handkerchief"; another female student is told to "go home and make puddings." Bemoaning the way modern women artists have "kept wandering away from fine art into the minor arts," Greer simultaneously applauds their realization that "art had to be emancipated from the prison of the picture frame and the charnel house of the museum," and quotes the Russian revolutionary painter Liubov Popova as saying, "No artistic success has given me as much pleasure as the sight of a peasant buying a length of material designed by me."

If from the "fine artist's" point of view, a woman's place was in the "minor arts," Callen makes it clear that sexual stereotyping was equally rampant and equally oppressive in the arts and crafts movement. She is scathing about the reactionary core of the leaders' radical socialist philosophy, its perpetuation of the sexual division of labor, its hostility to female ambition—in short, the same bundle of issues that confronts socialist feminists today. She shows how the plight of impoverished middle-class women was not so different from that of peasant lace makers whose work epitomized the evils of isolated "home work," and who began at age 5 to work up to eight hours a day, graduating at age 12 to sixteen hours, ruining their very bone structure, not to mention their eyesight. Both groups were doomed to a drudgery dependent on fashion and exploitative philanthropy. Even Eleanor Marx in "The Woman Question" apparently reinforced the socialist craftsmen's relegation of "idle middle-class women" to their self- and socially-imposed anonymity, an anonymity that only "speeded up their total disappearance" from the history of the movement.

Callen spends little time on the women of the "arts and crafts elite" aside from the considerable contribution of May Morris. Yet they too suffered from the familiar subject-object problem, or what Greer calls the "muse syndrome": "The young woman who gave evidence of talent was not an artist, but a muse. Her work was not evidence of what she could do, but of what she was." William Morris's wife, Jane, familiar to us as a mournful Pre-Raphaelite heroine, was such a sufferer. She and her sister and Lizzie Siddal married into the movement from working-class backgrounds. Callen points out that while "they were potentially more free from the moral restrictions of the period than their middle-class sisters, they were in fact encouraged to abandon their own culture for a bohemian no-man's land." The benevolent paternalism of these men marrying "down" reflected their attitude toward the revival of "lower-class" arts and crafts.

Both Callen and Greer encounter a difficulty familiar to feminist critics in other fields—how to reconcile our ambivalence about the interwoven strengths and weaknesses of women's art. All along we are aware of the extent to which our own educational conditioning affects how we see—just as women's art was/is historically forced into the uncongenial molds of male perception and male experience. I tend to prefer the work Callen reproduces here (even without color plates, which lack would have ruined a lesser book) to Greer's elegant canvases (which remind us of those by better respected men). Does this mean I'm settling for less? For a cultural stereotype? That I'm unable even to visualize a heroic art history for women? We have mixed feelings about all definitions of "women's art" even as we make them. At the same time that Greer attacks the "rather Philistine concept" of Great Art and the "capitalist contempt for smallness," she is perfectly capable of condescending to women who did not aspire to male "norms," and of ridiculing "poor" Properzia de'Rossi's intricately carved cherrystones. We are angry about the way women's talents have been repressed, denigrated, wasted and "hidden from history." We are also proud of the intimacy and "humble" beauty of the art created under such grim circumstances by artists for whom an unobtainable Greatness was irrelevant.

Greer ironically notes that any scholar of women's work is "actually studying the female relatives of male artists." She bears this out by her detailing of the "art dynasties" from which most of the survivors emerged (a point also made in Ann Sutherland Harris and Linda Nochlin's pioneering book, *Women Artists: 1550-1950*, to which Greer owes much and gives too little credit). Callen confirms this when she is constantly forced to admit how often men designed and women only executed in the arts and crafts movement. Should we then remake women into men, or should we rehabilitate, reclaim and elevate what women did in fact accomplish? We are often torn, and our contradictions don't always produce a dialectic.

Within the feminist art movement today there is a good deal of pressure to break down the barriers between art and craft and thereby recognize the subject matters of both these books as a common history. In 1893, May Morris had already made a pertinent distinction between "pictorial" and "decorative" embroidery—a distinction that not only prescribed "truth to the nature of the medium" but rejected the notion that by imitating painting, embroidery would become a "higher" art. She insisted that such "intellectualism" simply alienated needlework from its roots—a timely comment, given the triumph of "pattern painting" in today's "fine" art world, which acknowledges the esthetic power of traditional women's arts.

Callen's book contains many such insights, always grounded in information about wages and working conditions. She emphasizes the ways in which women attempted to gain power by organizing and supporting one another in a system stacked against them. She offers us the happy history of Doulton's Lambeth Art Pottery as well as that of strong individuals like Kate Greenaway, who bucked the current alone. Greer, however, recommends "escape inward" over organization. She is convinced that "internalized psychological barriers" have damaged women's art more effectively than "poverty and disappointment," and fails to see them as two sides of the same coin. She equates

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politics and rhetoric, and then concludes that "the pressure of politics which drags the artist in another direction until her soul lies dismembered" is as bad as "the deadening pull of passivity." By perpetuating the notion that art is ineffectually "above it all," she reasserts the false dominance of criticism and convention over art without taking up the final challenge: to analyze what has been and is meant (and what she means herself) by the term "good art" in a context so colonized by men and by the ruling class that we have lost sight of what our own tastes might be. Despite the value of Greer's encyclopedic approach and the important uses to which her research will be put by students of art history, the real lessons for contemporary women in the arts lie in Callen's book. □

Gloves on A Mouse

ELIOT WEINBERGER

THIS TREE WILL BE HERE FOR A THOUSAND YEARS. *By Robert Bly. Harper & Row. 64 pp. $8.95. Paper $4.95.*

Robert Bly is a windbag, a sentimentalist, a slob in the language. Yet he is one of the half-dozen living American poets who are widely read, and of them, the one whose work is most frequently imitated by fledgling poets and students of creative writing. His success, however, is less disheartening when considered as an emblem of an age—perhaps the first in human history—where poetry is a useless pleasantry, largely ignored by the reading public.

In every pre-industrial society, the poet has played an essential role as prophet, chronicler, social and political commentator, singer, wit, refiner of the language, keeper of the myths. In the West, by the end of the eighteenth century, most of these functions had disappeared: God and the old myths had died in the mills and collieries; the novel and the newspaper superseded the poem in fulfilling the need for a narrative, a chronicle, or a commentary on the world at large. The poets' response to this new irrelevancy was a turning inward toward secular exaltation: Romanticism.

Romanticism represented an exploration of the passive "feminine" aspect of human nature (which, of course, is neither the exclusive nor the general dominion of women): moon, dream, shadow, sentiment, "the life of the mind" (as Wordsworth called his anti-epic), rhapsodies on the natural world. It was the creation of a counter-kingdom, a shadow government; the poet became the "unacknowledged legislator." The achievements of the few great poets of the time led to imitation and excess, and a new image—that of the moony poet—was petrified in the public mind. The adjective "poetic" became synonymous with *unworldly*, *dreamy*, *high-flown* (language), *sensitive*—in a word, *romantic*. "Poetic justice" meant that evil, in the end, would receive its just deserts; a wishful contrast to political justice, which—as is evident in every issue of *The Nation*—is rarely so felicitous. The opposite of "poetic" became, naturally, "prosaic": *factual*, *down-to-earth*, at worst as *tedious* as daily existence.

The revolution in American poetry at the beginning of the twentieth century attempted to topple late Romanticism and return poetry to an active, "masculine" position: politics, history, social comment, precise observation of the material world, urban topics, colloquial rather than "poetic" language, absolute concision of speech. The movement changed literature, yet failed to reinsert the poet into society: the old model held. For the last fifty years poetry has drifted even further from the mainstreams, though some great work still flourishes in the backwaters. Today poetry in the United States is a snail darter, a furbish lousewort: a frail, unimportant creature which is only visible when (during the Vietnam War, for example) it becomes a nuisance, a slight hitch in the business at hand.

Meanwhile, a neo-Romantic poetry of noble sentiment continues to remain popular, especially among the young. It

Eliot Weinberger is a poet and the editor of Montemora. *His next book is a translation of Octavio Paz's* A Draft of Shadows, *to be published this fall by New Directions.*

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Roy A. Medvedev

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is sweet and escapist, like a so-called Gothic novel, and far from the world of the daily paper. "Disasters are all right," Robert Bly claims in his new collection, "if they teach men and women/ to turn their hollow places up." It is the language of Esalen, not Bangladesh.

Bly sees his mission as the restoration of the "feminine" to American poetry. (At his many public readings, he still stomps around the stage in a rubber L.B.J. mask, to symbolize "masculine" —which he believes is destructive— energy.) He has dismissed most of the North American masters (Pound, Williams, Eliot, et al.) and has publicly knelt and kissed the hand of Pablo Neruda, his muse and role model. Following Neruda, he has ignored musical structure and precision of language in order to exalt the image; imitating Neruda's imitation of Whitman, he has adopted the persona of the poet as the embracer of all beings: Bly's poems are a forest of exclamation marks, through which the phrase "I love" runs like an asylum escapee.

This Tree Will Be Here for a Thousand Years (forty-eight poems which had previously appeared in thirty magazines) opens with a short essay on "The Two Presences." They are, according to Bly, the poet's own consciousness, which is "insecure, anxious, massive, earthbound, persistent, cunning, hopeful," and "the consciousness out there, in creatures and plants" which (mercifully) is "none of these things," but which has "a melancholy tone." The poems, then, attempt to bridge this gap between inner and outer, and they do so by presenting an "I" whom we may assume is the poet himself, and a largely personified natural world. Not since Disney put gloves on a mouse has nature been so human: objects have "an inner grief"; alfalfa is "brave," a butterfly "joyful," dusk "half-drunk"; a star is "a stubborn man"; bark "calls to the rain"; "snow water glances up at the new moon." It is a festival of pathetic fallacy. At times, Bly's all-embracing "I," more childish than childlike, verges on the parodic: "I know no one on this train./A man comes walking down the aisle./I want to tell him/that I forgive him, that I want him/to forgive me." The reader longs for a new chapter to D.H. Lawrence's *Studies in Classic American Literature*. ("Oh God! Better a bellyache. A bellyache is at least specific.")

Most college students who write poetry imitate Bly, not because the poet's lack of emotional subtlety matches their own but, far more important, because a Bly poem is so easy to write. Consider the first five lines of a poem in this collection called "Women We Never See Again":

> There are women we love whom we never see again.
> They are chestnuts shining in the rain.
> Moths hatched in winter disappear behind books.
> Sometimes when you put your hand into a hollow tree
> you touch the dark places between the stars.

The first line rather flatly posits a familiar and "poetic" theme: lost love. The second sets up a pretty metaphor that is absolutely without meaning; any word could easily be replaced without altering the poem: they are Brazil nuts shining in the sun; they are Pontiacs idling in the moonlight, etc. The third line jumps to another unrelated image, and one that is probably inaccurate: the moths I know, at least, prefer the products of knit & purl to those of Harper & Row. Lines four and five, beginning with a wistful and cloying "sometimes," jump again, this time to a remark that might be charming if uttered by a 6-year-old. The poem, as all Bly poems, runs on, offering a new self-contained image every line or two, and then abruptly ends. What could be simpler for an adolescent—whose feelings cannot be restrained by technique—to copy?

Bly is a popular poet because his poems, to the general audience, sound like poems. The poet is identifiably cheery ("I loved that afternoon, and the rest of my life") or sad ("In a few years we will die") and his images have all been certified as "poetic": snow, moon, lakes, trees, shadows, horses, birds, crickets, night, rain, wind, lions, graves and so on. That his enthusiasm is expressed through pointless and rarely believable metaphor (who else would compare the sound of a cricket to a sailboat?), that his facility for English has been warped by reading too many bad translations, that he has never conceived of the line as a unit of musical measure, are subtleties that are largely lost to the college crowds. That a bad poet is widely read is hardly news. What is disturbing, however, is the fact that so many young writers—who should be experimental, wild, outraged, idealistic— are modeling themselves after this utterly safe, cozily irrelevant poet, a man who has written, with numbing sincerity, "It is good to be poor, and to listen to the wind." □

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JOHN APPLETON

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John Appleton was for many years general editor at Harper and Brothers.

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Mrs. Bell, a professor of English at Boston University and author of *Edith Wharton and Henry James*, supplies two reasons on almost every page of this *American Life*—the same subtitle, in an utterly different sense, that Mark Schorer gave to his biography of Sinclair Lewis. First, Marquand's personality and career provide much more than a counterpoint to those Bostonians and other Americans, old rich and new, who supply the raw material for his satiric fictions. With his own pursuit of fame and money, with his two brides, one neurotic and one catastrophic, with his smart mistresses and easy entrance, unlike Fitzgerald or O'Hara, into the intimate circles of what was then the U.S. establishment, Marquand himself provides as much social anthropology, and often much more narrative, than most of his novels. The second reason for this book, one which Mrs. Bell herself never quite embraces, is that Marquand is the *only* American writer with clinical experience of upper-class life who could write about it without the inhibitions of Howells, Wharton or James, and without his nose pressed to the window like O'Hara. Whether we like it or not, no other American writes about the rich with Marquand's assurance as an insider, and the merciless eye of an "outsider." No other insider has shown anything like his candor, not to mention credibility.

The youthful outsider was born into a New England family with the right tree, but no cash. After his father blew a handsome inheritance on the stock exchange, Marquand went to public high school in Newburyport. At Harvard the terms of the only scholarship he could get required him to major in sciences—something useful. There he was not slow to calculate the differences between himself and boys from Groton and St. Mark's. His obsessive drive toward reclaiming some ancestral portion, which would far outstrip that of his fictional heroes, had begun.

He sold his first story to *The Saturday Evening Post* in 1920. By 1943, *Life* had tagged him as "the most successful novelist in the United States," while his greatest earnings from book sales, movie and play adaptations were yet to come. He was now the Squire of Newburyport, the national celebrity in the volunteer fire brigade, the man who cut the ribbon at the A&P opening, the raconteur of the Tuesday Night Club. He seldom missed a chance to remind gatherings of his earlier exertions. His first wife, Christina Sedgwick of Stockbridge, Massachusetts, had enough ancestral money to invite all her husband's fluent sarcasm about the follies of the idle rich. The famous Dr. Riggs himself could not preserve this fragile union, which resulted in a son and daughter, and divorce.

Soon afterward, Adelaide Hooker, daughter of the Electric and Chemical Company founder, sister-in-law of John D. Rockefeller III, described Marquand as she saw him in Peking: "an English officer quietly going to hell in the Orient." Getting around other dalliances, he married her in 1937. Again, the dreaded "patter of little feet" came with three more children, each the victim in a psychodrama of nearly Strindbergian ferocity. Although she acted as his "editor" of sorts, Adelaide was usually a walking hurricane of haphazard enthusiasms and relentless activities. "The Boss" found a familiar refuge with his agent's wife, Carol Brandt, and later with a determined secretary. The final rages and despairs of this second marriage, which again called for "alienists" but on a grander scale, are a challenge Mrs. Bell meets with a vengeance.

Given access to everything—and Marquand left behind a trove—and with the cooperation of all survivors, Mrs. Bell has produced a marvelously successful book without a single grace note of adulation. The man who never forgot or forgave a snub gets his deserts here, as do many others. The fatuity of the commercial literary scene, which Marquand deplored, is neatly observed. Without plummeting into Oedipal analysis, she relates the fiction to the facts, and indirectly reveals why the Eastern establishment, whose last coup was Eisenhower's victory over Taft, found in Marquand its only honest memorialist.

In private, Marquand was one of the most entertaining men of his generation, one who enjoyed using his social gifts as weapons. Nobody can recapture the mimicry, the slightly acidic charm—not his letters, nor any published writing. As husband, father and lover, he was party to many desperate scenes, but he always seemed to escape unscathed, while others went mad or continued to make his winters sunny and his summers cool. Shortly before he died I enjoyed a long lunch with him, for the last time, and would never have suspected the actual tensions of his last years. Many who thought they knew him well will now, I expect, find that there was a lot more to know. (They will also find the inevitable small error here and there.) It is good to know more, to know almost all, even if you don't like a lot of it. And Millicent Bell has proved Marquand to be very much worth knowing. Social and literary historians have a model here, and a source. □

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Coram Nobis

DAVID LEVIN

IN RE ALGER HISS. *Edited by Edith Tiger, with an Introduction by Thomas I. Emerson. Hill and Wang. 438 pp. Paper $8.95.*

On the rare occasions when a legal brief is printed for sale by a trade publisher, one might expect it to be reviewed by an attorney. In this historic case, however, a professor at the Yale Law School introduces Alger Hiss's long-awaited petition explicitly for the general public, and it seems reasonable for an informed layman to consider questions that will trouble conscientious citizens even though the legal case may be decided on other grounds.

Whether or not it persuades the Federal court to issue a writ of error, *coram nobis,* Hiss's petition ought to persuade any fair-minded reader that the Federal Bureau of Investigation and the prosecution misbehaved outrageously thirty years ago in their effort to convict Hiss of perjury. So lucid is the text of Victor Rabinowitz's brief that lay readers may follow the argument easily. The mass of supporting documents will require more patient study, but these too are arranged in an order that is admirably clear. The pattern of official misconduct is more troubling than the question of Hiss's guilt. Even those who believe Hiss was guilty ought to deplore that pattern.

As articles published in *The Nation* reported several years ago, the prosecution and the F.B.I. concealed or misrepresented evidence undermining the validity of the notorious Woodstock typewriter, and months before the first trial began, the F.B.I. had an informer among the private investigators working for Hiss's attorneys.

The details of those misdeeds gain new power in the context of deception that was even worse. The most reprehensible acts of the prosecution and the F.B.I. in this perjury trial were lying to the court and allowing witnesses for the prosecution to perjure themselves. In disclosure proceedings, though ordered to show the judge all written statements made to the F.B.I. at different times by Whittaker Chambers, the prosecution deliberately concealed the existence of a 184-page narrative, which the Government had asked Chambers to write but not to sign. Not only was the defense thus denied access to the most extensive account that would have revealed inconsistencies with Chambers's other statements but knowledge of the very existence of this account was deliberately withheld from the judge, in evasion of his explicit order. One is reminded of the Daniel Ellsberg trial.

Besides Chambers's denial that any such narrative had been written, the most egregious perjury disclosed in the Hiss brief is in the testimony of Edith Murray. She was called in rebuttal by the prosecution to surprise the defense at the end of the second trial by corroborating Chambers's testimony that Alger and Priscilla Hiss had indeed visited Chambers in his Baltimore apartment. Murray falsely denied that the F.B.I. agents had told her the names of Alger and Priscilla Hiss when the agents had first shown her a photograph of the Hisses.

The false testimony of Edith Murray and that of another rebuttal witness is exposed in Hiss's brief through documents recovered under the Freedom of Information Act. Almost all those documents are concerned with the Government's behavior. But of all the papers

David Levin is Commonwealth Professor of English at the University of Virginia at Charlottesville. He has published an article on the memoirs of Hiss, Chambers and Nixon in the Virginia Quarterly Review.

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that Hiss's brief reproduces from the files of the F.B.I. and the prosecution, none was more interesting to me than a memorandum by Edward McLean, the chief attorney for Hiss's defense in December 1948.

Hiss's brief properly introduces McLean's memorandum to help demonstrate that the prosecution was spying on the defense. In the continuing debate over Hiss's guilt, the memorandum has a greater significance, for it undermines one of the most damaging arguments in Allen Weinstein's *Perjury*. Using a letter written by a private investigator in Washington on December 28, 1948, Weinstein argues that Hiss had inadvertently disclosed the identity of the Catletts, to whom he had given his incriminating typewriter, but that Hiss had then continued to obfuscate and conceal from the Government and even his own counsel information concerning both the typewriter and the Catlett family. In *Perjury*, moreover, Weinstein declares that Hiss's chief attorney—even though he knew who had the actual typewriter—"held off" looking for the Catletts until the F.B.I. "forced his hand" at the end of January 1949 by finding them. Until January 21, Weinstein contends, the only mention of the Catlett family in McLean's files occurs "at the bottom of a list of things" for a defense investigator to do. Perhaps Weinstein may be excused for having overlooked McLean's memorandum in the *prosecution's* files.

This memorandum proves that McLean knew about the Catletts and had an address for them even before he received the letter from his investigator in Washington. It also shows that McLean had ordered a thorough inquiry about the typewriter among all the Hisses' former maids, including the Catlett family. The order for this investigation stands second among fifteen headings on McLean's agenda, nowhere near the bottom of the list. Far from holding off until the F.B.I. forced his hand, McLean was searching right along.

Several favorable reviewers of *Perjury* made a major point of Weinstein's argument that except for one unexplained lapse Hiss was trying to conceal the whereabouts of the typewriter from his own attorneys. McLean's newly published memorandum forces one to ask how, if that was so, McLean learned the names and address of Claudia Catlett and her sons. The reasonable inference is that he learned them from Alger or Priscilla Hiss, along with the misinformation that Claudia Catlett had died. Since it was her sons who got the typewriter, the false report of their mother's death loses the incriminating significance that Weinstein attributes to it. Besides revealing the Government's misconduct, Hiss's new brief reminds us that on this matter and others the documentation in *Perjury* should be checked with great care. □

MUSIC

DAVID HAMILTON

The omnipresence of recordings in contemporary musical life brings numerous (and doubtless incalculable) consequences. One, surely, is the proliferation of potential sources of influence upon composers. The historian, though he may not be able to pin down with absolute precision the music Mozart heard and saw, is nevertheless operating within a drastically narrower range of possibility than will his successors when they try to establish similar data about the present generation of composers. Nor is this simply a matter of the extraordinary expansion of the active repertory during the past three decades, for once a piece has been fixed onto a record or tape, it is everlastingly there for someone to hear sooner or later, though it may have vanished from the concert hall or even from the current record catalogues.

Such perdurability must also complicate the efforts of journalistic trend-spotters, though they have so far shown little inclination to recognize that the rules of the game are changing. What's "in" and what's "out" on a short-range basis matters less and less, for amid the many manifest insufficiencies of our musical life, recordings at least serve to ensure the subsistence of a wide variety of idioms and styles, their survival relatively impervious to journalism's marketplace of fashion.

Recently, a favorite of the trend-spotters has been George Rochberg, for he personifies a favored trend: a gifted and thoughtful composer of twelve-tone music for many years, he has now declared in favor of melody (though that was never incompatible with Schoenberg's method, merely unimaginable to its less talented epigones) and pledged fresh allegiance to the tonal system. His latest work to reach records is the 1974 Violin Concerto (Columbia M 35149, played by Isaac Stern, with the Pittsburgh Symphony conducted by Andre Previn), and the temptation to embrace or reject it because one believes that music is (or ought to be) heading, respectively, toward or away from tonality has not always been resisted.

Ignoring such irrelevant imperatives, one finds here a problem possibly more interesting than the piece itself. Rochberg's concerto ranges through roughly a century of romantic and post-romantic idiom, delimited at the near end by, say, Bartók's Second Violin Concerto (1938); that is, it emulates a tradition rather than any particular example thereof, and specifically avoids the formal models associated with the style, with the result that the totality fits nowhere in history—except, by definition as it were, in 1974. Unlike some earlier works, by Rochberg and others, in which past styles are invoked, at arm's length, for symbolic or other purposes, here the romantic idiom is used for direct expression. The trouble is that, for all the fluency with which the older language is handled, what comes

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through is principally a single rather doggedly passive character, not enough to sustain a five-movement, thirty-seven-minute score. Is there a moral here, about the difficulty of making end-runs around history?

One sympathizes; in this environment, one can hardly avoid thinking about history, traditions and the like. The juxtaposition of pieces on a record can be enough to provoke reflections—take *20th Century Music for Voice and Guitar* (Turnabout TV 34727, sung by mezzo Rosalind Rees and played by David Starobin), which calls attention to the variety of possible approaches to the guitar. In Shakespearean settings by Elliott Carter, William Schuman and Andrew Imbrie, the Elizabethan lute song is invoked; Lou Harrison's "Serenade," a guitar solo, stands nearer the Spanish idiom; songs by Barbara Kolb and Harold Blumenfeld avoid those associations without embracing specific alternatives; another solo guitar piece, by William Bland, deals extensively in "new sounds"; John Cage's "The Wonderful Widow of Eighteen Springs" is accompanied by sounds of knocking (in fact, on the case of a piano, though it might equally have been done on the body of the guitar). Among these, the most convincing are the Shakespeare pieces and—less expectably—the 1942 Cage piece, direct and verbally sensitive; Kolb's setting of Robert Kinsky's "The Sentences," despite some clumsy prosody, catches a mood quite vividly. The singing on this record is neat but rather pallid, which may explain why one's attention is so strongly drawn to the expertly played instrumental aspect.

"The silken skilled transmemberment of song" speaks more eloquently on *An American Anthology,* based on a bicentennial program of English origin (Unicorn UN1 72017, with mezzo Meriel Dickinson and pianist Peter Dickinson). That phrase comes from Hart Crane's "Voyage," set in 1945 by Elliott Carter, whose three Frost songs of 1942 are also here, skillful evidence that his recent interest in vocal music has strong roots. In this program, too, the surprise is Cage: five remarkably abstract settings of E. E. Cummings, dating from 1938. Virgil Thomson treats Gertrude Stein's "Portrait of F. B." as if its meanings were as direct and correct as its syntax, with entertaining results. Ms. Dickinson's manner is rather relentlessly hearty, though fortunately not British in any audible way. She also sings some Gershwin songs, which is a nice idea—but in truth one must prefer the greater style and authenticity of Joan Morris and William Bolcom, whose recent Gershwin collection includes some welcome, less familiar titles (Nonesuch H 71358).

Both these collections suggest that American composers have sought and responded to poetic quality, an attraction that has not always obtained in traditions of song writing (e.g., the German lied, in which great songs could be made equally well from verbal gold or dross). Another good example is George Perle's recent cycle of "Thirteen Dickinson Songs" (recorded on CRI SD 403 by soprano Bethany Beardslee and pianist Morey Ritt), impressive because Perle has captured the natural pace of the poetry, neither smothering it in cantilena nor squaring up its rhythms. The inventive piano figurations that flow through this cycle are unfortunately undervalued by the shallow recorded sound, but the performance itself is uncommonly sensitive and concentrated.

I wrote about John Harbison's cantata "The Flower-Fed Buffaloes," at the time of its first performance (*The Nation*, April 29, 1978), and can now report that it comes off a recording even more convincingly (Nonesuch H 71366, strongly sung by baritone David Evitts and the Emmanuel Choir of Boston, with players from Speculum Musicae conducted by the composer). More good American poetry, by Crane, Michael Fried, Gary Snyder and Vachel Lindsay, is purposefully ordered into a commentary on the national character; Harbison's easy assimilation of vernacular usages into a direct and economical style serves his message well.

The verso of this record presents Frederic Rzewski's "Song and Dance," written in 1977 for four members of Speculum Musicae. Though not aggressively minimalist, this piece is certainly on the laconic side, making a much less vivid impression than Rzewski's now celebrated set of virtuoso piano variations on the Chilean song "The People United Will Never Be Defeated!" stunningly played by Ursula Oppens (on Vanguard VSD 71248).

Finally, two recommended collections of American choral music: works by Ives, Copland, Carter and Druckman sung by the superb Tanglewood Festival Chorus conducted by John Oliver (Deutsche Grammophon 2530 912) and a less focused but still stimulating survey of post-1950 music by the Gregg Smith Singers (Vox SVBX 5354, three disks), in which I was particularly struck by Carter's "The Harmony of Morning" and Imbrie's "On the Beach at Night." □

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THEATER

HAROLD CLURMAN

It has now become clearer than ever before that by far the greater part of what may be of interest to "mature adults" in the theater is to be seen Off and Off Off Broadway. Broadway itself attracts sugar babies. On the surface the phenomenon may be ascribed to economic causes; the root of the matter is that the larger audience today is confined to readers of best sellers.

I have seen nothing "great" in the smaller theaters, but greatness in the theater has always been rare. We may hope for it, but should not expect it. What is intelligent, honest, reasonably

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well crafted will do—thank you!

In the most diminutive space of the Brooklyn Academy of Music—the new Dodger Theater—a recent play by the distinguished and dissident Polish writer Slawomir Mrozek is being presented. Mrozek has lived in Paris since 1964 because his presence is proscribed in his native land, though some of his plays are not.

The new play is called *Emigrés* and it reflects its author's preoccupation with people who for one reason or another have chosen or are forced to become exiles. In this instance one of the two men involved is an intellectual whose politics have disgraced him in the eyes of his country's government; the other is an illiterate and unskilled worker. Neither is given a name except for AA (the intellectual) and XX (the worker), and the room in which they have taken refuge resembles a dismal prison cell in an unspecified foreign land.

At first their relationship reminds one of that between George and Lenny, the two itinerant field hands of Steinbeck's *Of Mice and Men*: the bright fellow needs the brawn of the backward one and the latter depends on the guidance of the former. In *Emigrés*, we soon learn that the intellectual (apparently a writer who plans a book on the plight of the exiled) sees in his benighted companion—who steals, fantasizes and whose general behavior is wretchedly mean and filthy—the "common people." Such common people have no quarrel with the dictatorship of their native land because they have no awareness of politics, nor any urgent desire for freedom. XX has left his native province, his wife and his children to earn and hoard enough money to provide himself and them with a degree of ease.

Each of the men is isolated in a different way; each hangs on to the other for the support he can find in no one else. The stupified one, who holds a job in the subterranean drainpipes of the city, a job which is slowly killing him, and the thinker, who despairs of finishing his book because he finds himself unable to arouse the other (the "ordinary man") to a sense of their mutual condition, are now people cut off from their roots and from reality. They are agreed on one thing: that under a dictatorship everyone is equal in fear. The thinker is so disheartened by what he observes in his roommate that he will probably never write his book; and it is doubtful whether the worker who has become obsessed with his savings will ever return to his farm and family. At the end XX snores and AA weeps.

This partial summary gives little indication of the interweaving of ideological allusions in the play's fabric nor of the bitterly hilarious nuances of its portraiture. I cannot at the moment determine how "important" the play is—I should like to read the text—but I followed it with concerned attention and with pleasure in the acting of Brent Spiner as the baffled philosopher and Jon Polito as the exasperating and woebegone man of the lower depths. Both actors have been aided by André Ernotte's knowing direction and Andrew Jackness's expressive setting.

Peter Parnell's *Sorrows of Stephen* (Public Theater) is a slight, affable comedy, from which, despite its lack of pretension, a certain meaning emanates. It is about a young man—Stephen Hurt—who through nonchalance of spirit or sportive carelessness falls in and out of bed with sundry women. Most of them are unwittingly shrewd enough to know that there is much more generalized affection in Stephen's amatory passes than passion or substantive emotion. All of them therefore give him the go-by without inflicting any but an agreeable sensation of pain.

The playwright (whose future merits watching) quite rightly toys with his material. His play points to the cute flimsiness of the sexual dalliance typical of our day. It is an attitude given to pretty and "literary" airs of romance. Stephen lightheartedly models himself on the young Werther of Goethe's novel with side-glances at several of Stendhal's and Balzac's victims of nineteenth-century malaise. But here all is flightiness and foolery posing as something "deeper." La Rochefoucauld's maxim put it in a nutshell: "Many people would not have fallen in love if they had not first read about it."

The cast as a whole is charming. John Shea as Stephen has the right twinkle of skepticism in his eye as he engages in his flings, and Pamela Reed is winningly true as the main non-victim of the all-American Swain. The play's pleasant bubble of inconsequentiality is nicely conveyed by Stuart Wurtzel's all-purpose and semi-portable set and by Sheldon Larry's tossed ball direction.

I could speak more decisively of *Mercier & Camier* (also at the Public Theater) if I had been able to hear more of its dense text, culled from a novel by Samuel Beckett. The reason why so much of the rich verbiage escaped me was probably not due to the actors' faulty diction or unsteady Irish accents but to other difficulties. *Mercier & Camier* was written to be read rather than spoken. Having its words uttered in the midst of general busyness of sight and sound wrests them from their proper form. The Mabou Mines group responsible for the production is committed to the multimedia esthetic. We can barely grasp what is said (no simple matter in itself) when we are obliged to look at a variety of images on screens, on stage, and on the playhouse walls, along with an additional commentary on TV—not to speak of the accompaniment of tinkling piano music. I could not always tell how what was pictured was related to the content of the text.

This is experimental theater indeed. But with few exceptions, everything is approximate—that is, little is completely fulfilled. Everything *nearly* comes off, resulting in considerable frustration to the spectator. Picasso

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spoke tellingly on experimentation in the arts when he referred to his work not as quest but as discovery: he did not seek, he found.

For all that, I am in sympathy with the efforts of the Mabou Mines company. They (in this case Frederick Neumann, who plays Mercier and is the adaptor and director of the present exhibit, and Bill Raymond, as Camier) work valiantly, but the means at hand for the company in time, in money and in space are not sufficient to achieve its aims. The least that can be said of the present occasion is that it impels me to read the novel, which I take to be a prose prologue to the striking theater poetry and lucid metaphysical statement of *Waiting for Godot*.

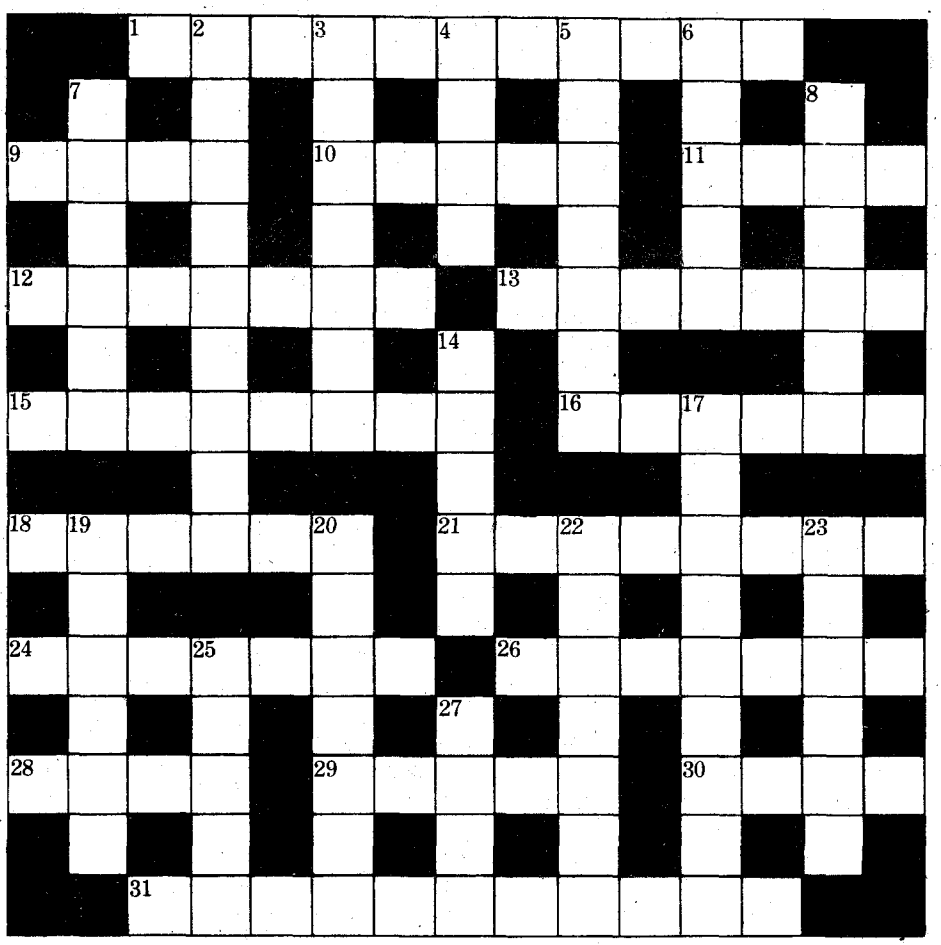
I must take cursory note of the production of Peter Handke's *They Are Dying Out* at the Yale Repertory Theatre in New Haven. Handke is one of the pre-eminent dramatists employing the German language today and he is highly esteemed by several of our respected critics. But I cannot say much about the new play because at the preview I attended the performance was discontinued toward the end of the first act on account of damage to the electric power lines which might have brought on a fire.

I was entertained by what I did see—the cast, the direction and setting were of exemplary quality—and I was eager to see the rest. The play, I gathered from its opening section, was about moribund capitalism. I look forward to reporting on the play at a later occasion.

Now playing *on* Broadway, *The 1940's Radio Hour* (at the St. James Theatre) is a show which, to say the least, is effective through its author and director, Walton Jones, its lighting designer, Tharon Musser, its scene designer, David Gropman, and its musical supervisor, Stanley Lebowsky. It purports to disclose the fun, games, sweat and fright involved in the making of radio shows, and the ludicrousness of much of 1940s radio. This in turn reflects the innocence of the era—or at any rate of its vast audience. The show is better than bearable in its skin-deep insight and quite funny in its almost literal imitation of the sponsor's commercials. We can enjoy the mockery of how we once were, without taking the hint at the parallel with how we are now. □

Crossword Puzzle No. 1796

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 The superstitious might behave like the xylophone player. (5,2,4)
9, 10 and 30 Edit, perhaps, what sailors used to wait for. (4,2,3,4)
11 Having fun following 6 won't change it. (4)
12 The Apoidea family tree is particularly direct. (7)
13 The ways of 11. (7)
15 Scan poetry, or talk of the opposite. (8)
16 Calls up the first lady—she's around all right! (6)
18 Makes a 4 down, and makes one well around the pole. (6)
21 See 4 down
24 See 6 down
26 Draw out the last part of the course. (7)
28 Migrate or travel—not necessarily to the stars. (4)
29 One might in the sun or the sea. (5)
30 See 9 across
31 A rut Denver's made for those looking for the exciting life. (11)

DOWN

2 Tom has reputedly evil upbringing in groups such as the Muses. (4,5)
3 One isn't supposed to sing loud. (7)
4 and 21 across Not one of Nixon's deleted expletives, such as he had to take. (4,2,6)
5 Stormy weather, possibly causing a halo effect. (7)
6 and 24 across How "and away" fits? That's correct! (2,3,2,3,2)
7 Hit at this junction? It might be a habit at some parties. (6)
8 Was disturbed before the cut. (6)
14 What takes two to score an alternative for 3, perhaps. (5)
17 The "f" in a surrounding of eccentric behavior so defined? (3-6)
19 Berths on which one is reduced to shabbiness? (6)
20 Can you take such a trip from the Blue Mts.? (7)
22 Certainly not undergarments, but kids do things fast! (7)
23 199, with a 500 on a little noise-maker. (6)
25 One can be barely described as such, in truth, so-called. (5)
27 What a row of dots might mean. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 1795

ACROSS: 1 Collection; 6 Zinc; 10 Recital; 11 Brassie; 12 Uses; 13 Hit the sack; 15 Abscond; 16 Lanolin; 17 Intoned; 20 Prussia; 22 Gain ground; 23 Eric; 25 America; 26 Trudeau; 27 Soda; 28 Pass the hat. DOWN: 1 Circulating fans; 2 Lockers; 3 Eats; 4 Tallied; 5 Orbital; 7 Install; 8 Checking account; 9 Cavernous; 14 Born again; 18 Tail-end; 19 Diorama; 20 Penates; 21 Screech; 24 Push.

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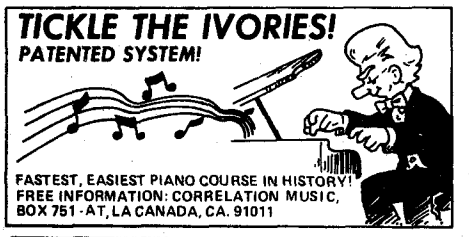
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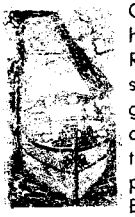

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